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THE
POLITICAL SONGSTER;

ADDRESSED TO THE
S O N S of F R E E D O M,

AND
LOVERS of HUMOUR,

By *J. FREE*.



B I R M I N G H A M:

Printed for the AUTHOR, by J. BASKERVILLE,
and Sold by S. ARIS, and M. SWINNEY.
MDCCLXXI.

280 . i . 141 .



To the P U B L I C.

CONTRACTED Circumstances, or the Hope of acquiring Fame, are Motives that often induce a Person to commence Author, whose Abilities are inadequate to the Task ; that the former happens to be my Case, is what I am not ashamed to own. The Hardness of the Times has put many to their Shifts, who might have maintained their Families in a comfortable Manner, if G—t had took that effectual Method, of reducing the exorbitant Price of Provisions, which common Humanity demands. In the Course of last Sessions, the State of the Corn Trade, was ordered to be taken into Consideration ; the Affair was momentous and required immediate Dispatch ; but through their usual Method of putting Things off, after upwards of two Months Inspection, behold, they came to the following most *important* Resolutions ! “ That when the Price of Wheat shall be at 48s. per Quarter, it will be expedient to permit the Importation thereof.” “ That when the Price of Wheat shall be under 44s. per Quarter, it will be expedient to permit the Exportation thereof.” Such were the wonderful
Pro-

Proceedings, taken to relieve the Distresses of an injured People ! the Question treated with Indifference, a Parade calculated to amuse, and nothing in Reality done ; as this is known to be the Case, the Freedom I have took with some detestable Characters may not be thought improper. In regard to making Songs appear to Advantage, the Difference between reading, and finging, is so remarkably great, that I should not expect any Encouragement in this Publication, if I had not a flattering Hope of having many Times pleased my Friends by the latter, on whose Favours I place my principal Reliance ; and whose Candour, in Respect to what is here presented, I am in Hopes will incline them to overlook all Defects.

J. F.

THE



THE POLITICAL SONGSTER.

S O N G I.

The ROYAL COMMODORE.

To the Tune of, *The Queen's Afs.*

I.

YE brave jolly Tars, who delight o'er your Cheer,
To fighting Transactions of lending an Ear,
Attend whilst I sing of the Wounds and the Scars,
That a *Commodore* met with in *Venus's Wars*.

II.

Of *Pocock* and *Keppel*, old Sailors may talk,
Or tell what Exploits have been done by a *Hawke*;
Yet none like our *Commodore* ever before,
In War or in Peace caus'd so great an Uproar.

III.

The Name of a *Cumberland* once was rever'd,
Because he *Bellona's* loud Thunder ne'er fear'd;
But this is a quite different Genius I trow,
For the *Weapon* he fights with is young *Cupid's Bow*.

B

He

2 The P O L I T I C A L

IV.

He often when cruising in Search of a Prize,
False Colours will hoist by the Way of *Disguise*;
Tho' young in Commission, he ranks of the Line,
And to board a small *Frigate*, had laid a Design.

V.

This *Frigate*, no Matter by whom she was mann'd,
By the *G--v--r* was rigg'd, and lay under Command;
Tho' the *Commodore* lately lays Claim to a Share,
And calls it in Raptures his *dear little Hair*.

VI.

If chance to be catch'd in a contraband Trade, [laid;
Ne'er tells where the choice smuggled Goods have been
And for *Letters* so famous, as some People tell,
That he'd swear *by his Bible* before he could *spell*.

VII.

One Night near the Shore as at Anchor they lay,
Not dreading the Fury or Foams of the Sea,
A *Tender* unlook'd for, rush'd into the Creek,
Expecting the *Frigate* was springing a Leak.

VIII.

A Tempest arose, drove the Vessels aground,
And the *Commodore's Damage* was *Ten thousand Pound*,
Yet sure for the Sake of his *Mother*, the Land
Will not scruple to pay such a trifling Demand.

IX.

But, Sirs, if the Public must pay for the Fun,
'Tis fit Something more in the Cause should be done;
On

S O N G S T E R. 3

On both Sides to get the Thing decently cook'd,
Let the Gr-v-r be duk'd and the Commadore duck'd.

X.

Ye learned Scotch Tutors, pray let there be shewn
Some Pains when instructing the Sons of the Crown,
And a whole Nation's Thanks you shall have for the Deed,
When you've hit on the Method of mending the Breed.

S O N G II.

A CALL to the BUCKS.

To the Tune of, *Rouze, rouze Brother Sportsman.*

I.

THE Dusk of the Evening began to appear,
And Phoebus had just slid under the Sphere;
But as he withdrew, call'd to Pleasure away,
And Recompence make for the Toil of the Day.

II.

The Sons of bright Humour were pleas'd at the Hint,
And knew by withdrawing his Beams what he meant;
Then strait to the LODGE, for Diversion resort,
Where INNOCENCE smiles when with FREEDOM we sport.

III.

We cherish the Arts, UNANIMITY prize,
And make it our Rule to be MERRY AND WISE;
From UNITY'S BANDS, never seen to depart,
For FRIENDSHIP is rooted in each jovial Heart.

4 The P O L I T I C A L

IV.

The *Gods* at *Olympia* who over their Bowls,
Drank Bumpers of Nectar to gladden their Souls,
When moist'ning their Hearts in the Fulness of Glee,
Were never so joyous or happy as we.

V.

No politic Wrangles on Matters of State,
Our Pastime annoy, or Dissentions create;
The Prince that once saw how our Time we employ,
Would barter his Crown to partake of the Joy.

VI.

Ye WORTHIES attend when the GRAND takes his Chair,
Ye FORESTERS join, and ye RANGERS draw near;
May FRIENDSHIP subsist, and the BUCKS' noble Band,
A *Thousand Years* hence flourish over the Land.

S O N G III.

The D O G - A C T.

Tune, *Roast Beef of Old England.*

I.

O F all Penal Laws that enacted have been,
The Dog-thieving Act, if we judge from what's
Beats all upon Record for Parliament Spleen. [seen,

C H O R U S.

*Tell me what Curs in the Kingdom,
Devour like the Hounds of the State.*

Come

II.

Come forth ye *Informers*, the Times are so rare,
That ye all may make certain good Fortunes to clear,
For you've nothing to do right or wrong but to swear.

Tell me, &c.

III.

Since the famous Sir F——r was plac'd in the Chair,
What Englishman living did ever come near
A British Tribunal so deadly severe?

Tell me, &c.

IV.

With *Printers* and *Scriblers* how great are their Fears,
When only for *Whispering* it plainly appears,
That a Man stands in Danger of losing his Ears.

Tell me, &c.

V.

What Good for the Subject can e'er be expected,
When *Pointers* and *Spaniels* are better protected,
Than they by whom all the whole House were elected?

Tell me, &c.

VI.

Ye *Hampdens* and *Cromwells*, if such there remains,
Shew the Spirit that ran in your Ancestors Veins!
Make Government tremble when Tyranny reigns.

C H O R U S.

*Tell me what Curs in the Kingdom,
Devour like the Hounds of the State.*

6 The P O L I T I C A L

S O N G IV.

The G A M B L E R S.

Tune, *A Pilgrim blithe and jolly.*

I.

YE Gambling vile Banditti!
Of ev'ry Town and City,
Whose Hearts deserve no Pity,
When all your Pelf is gone;
Weigh the Matter fairly,
In your Bosom clearly,
Reason must severely.
Condemn you every One.

II.

The Practice you're pursuing,
'Tis known has been the Ruin,
And absolute Undoing
Of Thousands in the Land;
Then from your Kings and Aces,
Which Mankind disgraces,
Hither turn your Faces,
And join the jovial Band.

III.

The Convict under Sentence,
Of Life that's no Dependence,
When brought to true Repentance'
Is often heard to say;

Friends,

S O N G S T E R. 7

Friends, by me be hence taught,
Look at my distressed Lot,
Gaming 'twas on me brought
Shame and Poverty.

IV.

How shameful to the Nation!
That this pernicious Passion,
Should be the reigning Fashion,
Which *Britons* so degrade?
Cards, my Boys, forsake 'em,
Neither cut nor shake 'em,
Bid the Devil take 'em,
And renounce the Trade.

S O N G V.

The VINTNER'S WIG.

Tune, *As Jack the brisk young Drummer.*

I.

ATTEND, ye jolly Fellows all,
While I relate a Story;
A Tale more strange and comical
Was never laid before you:
As joyous Fun and Merriment
Kills Care and drowns all Sadness,
Some jovial Lads were fully bent
To spend a Night in Gladness.

'Twas

8 The P O L C T I C A L

II.

'Twas at the *Castle Tavern*, where
Good Souls are oft delighted,
They drank of 'Rack, which noble Cheer
Uncommon Mirth excited;
At *Bacchus's* ennobled Shrine,
To shew their firm Allegiance,
No Soul refus'd to boldly join,
In paying free Obedience.

III.

Burning Wigs in former Days
Upon a good Occasion,
Have been the customary Ways
Of many in the Nation:
No Tonfor need a Rush to care
What Means are us'd to spoil 'em;
Our modern Bucks of late declare,
The best way is to boil 'em.

IV.

It hap'd the Landlord's Periwig,
A fine full Bottom'd *Caxon*,
Was hanging on a wooden Peg,
And look'd as white as Flaxen;
'Twould make a Proctor laugh to twig
These Bloods when in their Mettle,
And how the Vintner's Sabbath Wig
Was clapt into the Kettle.

V.

O think what rich, what costly Soup
 It made, and what a deal, Sirs,
 Enough in Fact to serve a Groupe
 Of Frenchmen for a Meal, Sirs.
 The Powder on this Caxon laid,
 So fobb'd all on a sudden,
 For any Family would made
 A handsome Christmas Pudding.

VI.

To usher in that Festival,
 When Eating's much in Fashion,
 And Custom gives its usual Call
 For modest Recreation;
 This true bred, joyous, jovial Set
 Of Bucks, did play this Rig, Sir;
 Who o'er their Cups can ne'er forget
 The Boiling of the Wig, Sir.

S O N G VI.

INLAND NAVIGATION.

Tune, *Marquis of Granby.*

I.

'T WAS just at the Time when in sorrowful Strain
 Old *England* was grievously groaning;
 Her Natives in Sadness to add to the Scene,
 The Loss of their Trade were bemoaning:

C

To

10 The P O L I T I C A L

To give some Redrefs, in this Age of Distress,
Some Worthies (tho' few in the Nation)
As a Scheme that might tend, to a fav'able End,
Were resolv'd to promote NAVIGATION.

Tol, lol, &c.

II.

The lovers of Commerce will freely combine,
Without any Kind of Evasion,
To strengthen so noble and brave a Design,
And gladly embrace the Occasion;
Not a *Briton* that knows, what Opulence flows
From this Art, but with free Approbation,
And Spirit alert will his Int'rest exert,
To support and extend NAVIGATION.

Tol, lol, &c.

III.

'Tis this makes our Isle in the Eyes of the World,
A Bulwark of Terror and Wonder;
No State when our Shipping their Sails have unfurl'd,
But what is oblig'd to knock under:
In War or in Peace, all Commerce would cease,
Was it not for a free NAVIGATION;
'Tis of Riches the Source, when such Plans we enforce,
And of Freedom our dear Preservation.

Tol, lol, &c.

IV.

In *Lancashire*, view what a laudable Plan,
Is brought into fine Execution,

By

S O N G S T E R.

41

By *Bridgwater's Duke* ; let us copy the Man,
And stand to a good Resolution :
If the Waters of *Trent*, with the *Severn* have vent,
What Mortal can have an Objection ?
So they do not proceed, to cut into the *Tweed*.
With the SCOTS to have greater Connection.
Tol, lol, &c.

V.

A free Intercourse with our principal Ports,
For Trade must be certainly better ;
When Traffic's extended, and Goods easy vended,
In Consequence Things must be cheaper :
Our Commerce will thrive, and the Arts will revive,
Which are now in a sad Situation,
If we follow this Notion, from Ocean to Ocean,
To have a compleat NAVIGATION.
Tol, lol, &c.

VI.

To the Land what Advantages then will proceed,
As soon as we've open'd our Sluices ?
Our Cattle, and even the Ground where they feed,
Will be turn'd into far better Uses :
'Tis this will enable our Merchants abroad
To vie with each neighbouring Nation,
Who now, as they tell us, in Fact under sell us,
For want of this free NAVIGATION.
Tol lol, &c.

S O N G VII.

The I N S and O U T S.

Tune, *Cæsar and Pompey.*

I.

WHAT a Noise has there been, what a strange
Consternation!

About the *State Jockies*, who jockey the Nation?
The *Ins* and the *Outs*, *Ups* and *Downs*, a mere Race is,
Where all, Jockey like, whip to get the best Places;
And he that's flung off, in his Fall does harangue, Sir,
And swears all before him in Justice should hang, Sir.

II.

The Hindmost condemns what the Foremost is doing,
And says, he wrong Measures is daily pursuing;
Yet twenty to one, was he in the same Place, Sir,
With him that complains, 'twould be just the same
Case, Sir.

'Tis nothing but Gambling; and those who remark it,
Will find as much Jockeying at *Court* as *Newmarket*.

III.

When the *Scots* into Places of Trust got Admittance,
And Favours were amply bestow'd on *North-Britons*,
The Whigs were with Anger and Jealousy swelling,
To see those extoll'd who before were rebelling:
'Twas this provok'd *Wilkes* to that fore Aggravation,
For which he was jockey'd quite out of the Nation.

There

IV.

There is not a Statesman among all the Band, Sir,
 But says, that he acts for the Good of the Land, Sir;
 Yet plain it is seen, that these patriot Pretenders,
 Who call themselves, *Englishmen's* glorious Defenders,
 Do talk, and talk only; but Faith, the main Plan, Sir,
 Is to put in their Pockets as much as they can, Sir.

V.

Such plausible Guardians, our Trust we repose in,
 Who tell us fine Stories before they are chosen;
 They fawn on the Ignorant and gull the Unthinking,
 And come o'er the blind Side of those who love Drinking:
 Then after they've purchas'd us, this is the Case, Sir,
 They sell us again, on a seven Years' Lease, Sir.

VI.

These, these are the Maxims our Rulers are prone to,
 Such Lengths have our modern mock Patriots run to,
 Nay, even some Bishops will lean to these Notions,
 And barter the *Bible* for worldly Promotions:
 Self-int'rest is all; so a Fig for the Din, Sir,
 It boots not to us, who is *out* or who's *in*, Sir.

S O N G VIII.

The T I M E S.

I.

TIS a shame to the Land! and a curfed Vexation!
That Things of all Kinds are fo dear in the
Nation!

Sure *Britons* had never more Cause for complaining,
Of thofe who the Growth of our Country are draining:
How shocking to think, that the Poor fhould have Reafon,
To murmur for Want in a plentiful Seafon.

II.

Thofe lurking Ingroffers, Foreftallers, Regrators,
By rascally Dealings insult the fair Traders;
In nothing they ftick at, to pinch us and grind us,
Of that which for Nourifhment Nature defign'd us:
Thefe griping Oppreffors, the Pelt of Creation,
Of Life's main Support bafely fap the Foundation.

III.

But what on this Subject demands Observation,
So much as the landed Eftates of the Nation?
Our Great-ones to add to their Pomp and their Grandeur,
'The Court to approach, in magnificent Splendour,
'Their Tenants advance, and the Rent muft be paid, Sir,
(Or elfe, faft in Prifon, the Farmer is laid, Sir.

IV.

When fuch like Remarks are no idle Romances,
No Wonder the Price of Provision advances! The

S O N G S T E R.

15

The Corn is took from us, and Facts will support it,
That they who should stop it, assit to export it,
Which tho' deemed Christians, for Pelf will they rush at,
Those Things which a Turk or a Pagan would blush at.

V.

Such infamous Maxims, the Source of Diffension,
Must certainly propagate Seeds of Contention,
And what to our Grievance still greater oppresses,
Our Trade is declining and Commerce decreases:
For since these vile Evils have forely beset us,
In Merchandize all other States under-sell us.

VI.

In this sad lamentable starving Condition,
Depriv'd of our Trade and distress'd for Provision,
Old *England* bemoans and condemns those who rule us,
For they are the People who shamefully fool us;
By Modes of Taxation they fleece us and stamp us,
So hard their Oppressions eternally cramp us.

S O N G IX.

B I R M I N G H A M B E E R.

To the Tune of, *Ye Prigs who are troubled with Conscience's
Qualms.*

I.

YE Mortals who never in all your wild Trips,
With good humming Liquor saluted Your Lips,
Attend

16 The P O L I T I C A L

Attend to my Sonnet, ye Strangers to cheer,
The Pleasure I sing of is *Birmingham Beer*;
'Tis here the SALUTIS of Life's to be found,
For Merchants who traverse the Kingdom around,
Declare, on their Circuits from Thames to the Tweed,
That *Birmingham Stingo* all others exceed.

II.

I grant that fair *Nottingham* once bore the Bell,
But now to the Joy of Mechanicks can tell,
The Art is discover'd, who daily we see
Enjoying the Comfort in jocular Glee;
It banishes Care, and removes all our Ills,
When we sip at the *Fountain* or tipple at G--lls;
Then here ye staunch Topers, I beg you'd repair,
If wont of the choicest of Liquor to share.

III.

Our true ORTHODOX from the Barrel fresh come,
Throws the TANKARD LID up by the Strength of the
Foam,
This STRIKE FIRE of Nature, prepar'd right the Dose,
Either 'livens or lulls us to gentle Repose;
'Tis the Spring of Invention, a Balm that imparts
The Cause that promotes and inspires us to Arts;
Then who would not wish to partake of the Juice,
When hearing what Feats it is known to produce?

IV.

Let Others in vain boast of different Places,
But where can they turn out such Plump ruddy Faces?
Such

S O N G S T E R. 17

Such free jovial Fellows with Cheeks red as Roses,
Who swim in *October* to raddle their Noses?
Ye Beer-drinking Souls to good Fellowship prone,
Who dwell Miles a hundred or more from the Town,
'Tis well worth Your Notice amongst us to steer,
If only to taste of stout *Birmingham Beer*.

S O N G X.

The P A T A G O N I A N S.

Tune, *The Sun was in the Firmament*.

I.

'T WAS when the Times were peaceable,
And all the States lay quiet,
When British Boys had sheath'd their Swords,
Nor fear'd tumultuous Riot,
As War was ended, 'twas resolv'd,
From horrid Devastation!
To spare no Pains, in seeking Means,
That might recruit the Nation.

II.

The Dolphin then commission'd was,
As all the Journals mention,
A noble Frigate, stoutly mann'd,
To answer the Intention;
Columbus like, the Commodore,
(Nor think the Tale romantic)

D

Was

18 The P O L I T I C A L

Was big in Mind, fresh land to Find,
So crosses the Atlantic.

III

The Southern Cape they bring to View,
And plow that briny Ocean;
In whose Extent their grand Design,
Has prov'd no fruitless Notion;
For if on what the Papers tell,
We place a strong Reliance,
The Commodore espy'd the Shore,
Where dwell a tribe of Giants.

IV.

Five hundred Monsters, Nine Feet high!
Were on the Coast assembled;
To see this strange uncommon Sight,
Lord, how the Sailors trembled!
The Females too expos'd to view,
Were Prodigies in Nature!
And Babes, in troth, of Nine Months Growth,
A Yard and Half in Stature!

V.

But nothing did the Tars so fright,
Or seem so much uncommon,
As seeing to such open View,
The Nakedness of Woman;
How vastly lavish Nature is,
So great each Female's Share is,
No Judge's Wig, is half so big,
As one of their Falar--s.

As

VI.

As soon as to the British Land
 These Tidings were brought over,
 And whisper'd what surprizing Things!
 The Sailors did discover,
 Some lustful Covent-Garden Nymphs,
 That thither they might go, Sirs,
 Like *Hannah Sell*, resolv'd to sell
 Their Petticoats for Trowzers.

VII.

Now should they on their Cruize succeed,
 And breed some young Goliahs,
 The French will ne'er insult us more,
 Or offer to annoy us;
 For one of these Gigantic Souls,
 Will make a Thousand tremble,
 And throw a Town as easy down,
 As Sampson did the Temple.

VIII.

O should they dare to bring to Court
 One of these mighty Creatures,
 What Crouds of People would resort
 To view his brawny Features;
 Of Fav'rites 'twould a greater be,
 Than any Northern Crony,
 As, Elephant, or Cherokee,
 The little Mare, or Poney.

S O N G XI.

The C A M P.

Tune, Push about the brisk Bowl.

I.

WHO has e'er been at CAMP, must admit without
Doubt,

That for more than a Mile the Town round, .
For Gardens so gay, and for Liquor so stout,
Not its equal can fairly be found.

II.

To sit in the Boxes just fronting the East,
From the Fields what sweet Pleasures arise?
The Bounties of Nature are amply exprest,
By the Prospect that faces our Eyes.

III.

But cast your Eyes down, and behold, what a String
Of Flowers in beautiful Hue?
Each Month in the Season fresh Ornaments spring,
All fragrant and pleasing to view.

IV.

When the green Platt we tread, 'tis a Prospect we prize,
Yon MANSION to have at command;
To see that our ARTISTS in Splendor can rise,
To rival the best of the Land.

The

V.

The Gods of the Greeks in Olympian Bowers,
 When feasting in jocular Glee;
 The Nectar they drank was no better than ours,
 Nor the DEITIES happier than we.

VI.

From the Town to the CAMP, thus a-while we adjourn,
 And sociable Pleasures obtain;
 Then back in the Close of the Evening return,
 From the CAMP to the Town boys again.

S O N G XII.

T A S T E.

I.

YE Ladies so prim, and ye Jemmies so gay,
 Who daily resort to the Park and the Play;
 Your Patience a-while, give me Leave to request,
 And depend on't I'll give you a Song all in Taste.

II.

The good-natur'd Soul, who in these polite Days,
 Is led to believe that his Actions may please:
 The Modes of High Life does not rightly digest,
 For truly Good Nature is not much in Taste.

III.

The Man that is *tasty*, pays little Regard,
 To giving true Merit its honest Reward;

For

22 *T H E P O L I T I C A L*

For the Honest, the Virtuous, the Prudent and Chaste,
In these Days are Characters much out of Taste.

IV.

But would you the true modern Fashion pursue,
And live as our grand polite *Englishmen* do,
Take a Trip o'er to *Paris*, your Substance to waste,
For there you are certain to learn what is Taste.

V.

Stay as long as you're able Remittance to find,
And *Frenchmen* will say, *Your Behaviour is kind*:
When Cash is near gone, back to *London* Post-haste,
And then you're receiv'd as a Man of true Taste.

VI.

How few in this Age of Politeness are known,
To follow the Rules our Ancestors laid down;
And since foreign Fashions are so much embrac'd,
Our Trade, and our Poor, are hard pinch'd by the Taste.

VII.

Would *Britons* their own Manufactures support,
(May the worthy Example begin at the Court)
Let 'em throw off each Mode of a *frenchify'd* Cast,
And true *English* Growth be the true *English* Taste.

S O N G

S O N G XIII.

MAGISTERIAL PROMOTIONS

in the Town of BIRMINGHAM.

I.

HOW happy are we in these troublesome Days,
When Tumults all over the Nation increase,
In having such glorious Protectors of Peace.

C H O R U S.

*O the brave Guardians of Freedom,
Protectors of Liberty's Cause.*

II.

Twice twenty-five Constables, active and bold,
Whose Names to their Honour are justly enroll'd,
That Posterity may of their Valour be told.

O the brave, &c.

III.

These dignify'd Mortals, our noble Directors,
Procurers of Bread and our Butter Protectors,
Of Vagrant Disturbers are matchless Correctors.

O the brave, &c.

IV.

When two or three Rascals had plunder'd the Town,
And off with the Spoil were triumphantly gone,
Our Rulers resolv'd to pull Rioting down.

O the brave, &c.

Such

24 The P O L I T I C A L

V.

Such shameful Proceedings, they vow'd should be quell'd,
And many a Cabinet Council was held,
How to keep those in Awe who had never rebell'd.

O the brave, &c.

VI.

Heretofore we were govern'd by Constables two,
But being dragoon'd, must of consequence shew,
That tho' we have Fifty, 'tis Fifty to few.

O the brave, &c.

VII.

But if they can brandish their Weapons of Wood,
And frighten the Country Folk out of their Food,
We'll say their Exploits have done wonderful Good.

O the brave, &c.

VIII.

And soon as the Danger is over and past,
May they meet and carouse on a glorious Repast,
And boast of their Feats at a Low Bailiff's Feast.

C H O R U S.

*O the brave Guardians of Freedom,
Protectors of Liberty's Cause.*

SONG .

S O N G XIV.

The STATE JOCKEYS.Tune, *Shawnbree*.

I.

Y E Lads who delight in a Whip and a Spur,
 And love o'er the Beacon to jerk it,
 Whose principal Pleasure in Season is for
 A Horse and away to *Newmarket*,
 I crave on your Patience a Moment to rest,
 My Story may tickle your Fancies,
 I sing of *State Jockeys* the greatest and best,
 That run on the Course at St. *James's*.

Tol, lol, &c.

II.

Yorkshire may boast of her four-footed Steeds,
 Swift as the winged *Pegasus*,
Panton's, and *Fenwick's*, or *Robinson's* Breed
 I own to be excellent Racers;
 But what if they win you a Hundred or so,
 After a noble Contention,
 Among the *State Jockeys* at Court you must know,
 Thousands are Trifles to mention.

Tol, lol, &c.

III.

Britain's late Sovereign kept an old Groom,
 Who rode many Heats for his Master,

E

Known

26 The P O L I T I C A L

Known by the Title of *Newcastle Tom*,
And very few rode any faster,
But *West-Country Billy*, a dexterous Lad,
An excellent Rider was counted,
Many declar'd him the best the KING had,
Or on the *Britannia* mounted.

Tol, lol, &c.

IV.

Tom to his Colours was steadfastly true,
Always in *Orange* was shining,
Billy most commonly put on the *Blue*,
But made use of *Green* for his Lining;
And when the *Old Governor* pick'd o'er the Perch,
There presently hap'd a Diffension,
Tom on a sudden was left in the Lurch,
But *Billy* procured a Pension.

Tol, lol, &c.

V.

Years after Years had *Old Thomas* till now,
Rode the fam'd *Hanover* Hunter,
At length he unluckily fell in a Slough,
And d—nd the false Jade for a Bunter;
Starting against a *North-Country Lad*,
The old Fellow met with a Jostle,
Orange was fairly subdued by the *Plaid*,
Who vanquish'd the famous *Newcastle*.

Tol, lol, &c.

Now

VI.

Now since the *Scots* o'er the *English* can boast,
 In Places of Rank and Promotion,
 The Veteran Whigs have been tumbled and tofs'd,
 Like Ships on the wide watry Ocean;
 Bold *Cavendish* mounted his *Derbyshire* Nag,
 And hasted away from the Court, Sir,
Peter the *Postman*, who carried the Bag,
 Took his Farewel of the Sport, Sir.

Tol, lol, &c.

VII.

A few Years ago not a *Plaid* was there seen,
 Or known to belong to this Party,
 Every one rode in *Orange* or *Green*,
 And sworn in the Cause to be hearty;
 But where is the Wonder at seeing this Change,
 'Amongst those of high Life and Station ?
 In both Court and Country will Novelty range,
 And this is the Way of the Nation.

Tol, lol, &c.

S O N G XV.

The F R E N C H T O N S O R .

I.

MY Name it is *Taste*, from *Paris* in haste,
 Intent on procuring a Fortune,

E 2

To

28 *THE P O L I T I C A L*

To *London* I came, and publish'd my Fame,
My great Skill and Practice for certain ;
By oft advertizing, the People surmizing,
Read over my fam'd Reputation,
With *Locks*, *Brades*, and *Tales*, on Ladies I wait,
Who call me the Man of the Fashion.

Tol, lol, &c.

II.

On *Sundays* to tell, I trip o'er the *Mall*,
'Mongst Numbers of Gentry parading,
My Beaver and Wand, I hold in my Hand,
My Topping to keep from all Shading;
The Folks as they pass, look full in my Face,
As an Object of much Speculation,
The *Beaus* and the *Jemmies*, cry this a new Whim is,
And certainly must be the Fashion.

Tol, lol, &c.

III.

To gain a by Job, I put on my Bob,
And round *Covent-Garden* I ramble,
If farther I stretch, I slip on a Scratch,
And 'mongst *Bacchanalians* assemble;
Sometimes by good Luck, I meet with a *Buck*,
Divested of faint Hesitation,
When toasting his Dame, sets his Wig on a Flame,
And wish it was more in the Fashion.

Tol, lol, &c.

For

IV.

For *Bishops*, and *Proctors*, *Attornies*, and *Doctors*,
 Full Bottoms, I have in great Plenty,
 Each Head they go on, looks grave as a *Don*,
 Tho' in Years they may not have seen Twenty;
 Besides, I assure it, for *Sexton* or *Curate*,
 I've Cutts, that admit no Evasion,
 With Bows I salute 'em, and tell 'em I'll suit 'em,
 With neatest and best in the Fashion.

Tol, lol, &c.

V.

I make them in Troth, exact to your Cloth,
 That when the Dust drops on your Shoulder,
 The same you appear, as tho' none was there,
 By Means of my excellent Powder;
Newcastle, or *Bute*, may here themselves suit,
 Or any of different Persuasion,
 My Colours are *Plaid*, *Green*, *Orange*, or *Red*,
 To match every Whim in the Fashion.

Tol, lol, &c.

VI.

My *Queus*, and my *Demi-queus*, had such a Ruin,
 That could I have made them much faster,
 They all would have sold, for glittering Gold,
 So fond are the *English* of Taste, Sir;
 The Son of great *Mars*, return'd from the Wars,
 Bald-headed, may make an Oration,

But

30 The P O L I T I C A L

But surely a Copy, that's *Martial*, will not be,
'Mongst peaceable People the Fashion.

Tol, lol, &c.

VII.

At Cutting and Dressing, my Knack is so pleasing
The Actors of *Drury* adore me,
The Dancers and Singers, admire my fine Fingers,
And place themselves daily before me;
For Nipping and Snipping, for Furling and Curling
A Puff, and a little Flirtation,
They tip me a Fee, I return a *Conge*,
That's decent, and just in the Fashion.

Tol, lol, &c.

VIII.

I've got a Compound, no where else to be found,
And those who are mindful of trying,
May have just a Lick, of my *Six-penny* Stick,
And my Wash-Ball is well worth your buying,
If your Skin be as brown, as an *African* Loon,
That's a Slave in a Sugar Plantation,
From a deep Sooty-dunn, you'll be fair as a Nun,
And as spruce as the best in the Fashion.

Tol, lol, &c.

IX.

As through *Middle-Row*, I chanced to go,
The Cry was, Who buys my fine Caxon, [Bobs,
Here's long Bobs, and short Bobs, best Bobs and major
Ramallies whiter than Flaxen;

A

S O N G S T E R

31

A Sweep standing near, cry'd, Club Wigs, I swear
Give Credit to our Occupation;
So his Bag he let flip, and a Two-penny Dip
Wrapt up his black Pate in the Fashion,

S O N G XVI.

The S T A T E S M E N.

Tune of, *The Sun was in the Firmament.*

I.

AMONGST the Rulers of the State,
Howe'r so great their Station,
Appointed by our Sovereign
To give Administration;
Say, Where's the Man, in all the Band
Whose Principle is willing
To serve, with Zeal, his Country's Weal,
Without a Fee or Feeling?

II.

When *Walpole* in the Saddle got,
He stuck so fast and close, Sir,
Full twenty Years he held the Reins,
Before he e'er let loose, Sir;
Though envious Minds in Faction grew,
Who Plots were daily brewing,
And all the Din, was, *Bob of Lynn*
Will bring this Land to Ruin.

'Twas

32 The P O L I T I C A L

'Twas in the Year of Forty-two
Things warmly were disputed,
Sir *Robert's* Destiny was come,
The Chancellor was routed;
But though they shov'd him fairly out,
Still GEORGE did Favours grant him,
To keep him close, from all his Foes,
He lodg'd him in the *Sanctum*.

IV.

But now to fill the Vacancies
Was all the Point in Question,
For *Pultney* swore he'd not accept
Of either *Place* or *Pension*;
An odd Expedient took Effect,
'Twas said when in his Wrath, Sir,
And therefore he, would easy be,
If call'd great Earl of *Bath*, Sir.

V.

And here behold a wond'rous Change: —
The mighty Motion-maker,
At one good Leap he suddenly
Jump'd into the *Exchequer*;
And there he sat to shew the Land,
His Noise was all a Bubble,
Till by Decree, of *Omberley*,
He came both great and noble.

VI.

Then next among these Senators,
To tell you of another, That

That Favour got to be extoll'd,
 'Twas great *Newcastle's* Brother;
 His Cards he play'd so well, to gain
 His Sovereign's Approbation,
 Nor all Demurs of factious Jars,
 Could move him from his Station.

VII.

'Twas at this Juncture came the Cry,
 The white Horse of *Hanover*
 Is bridled with a *Pelham* Bitt,
 Which rais'd a little Pother';
 But *Harry* heeded not a Rush,
 The popular Displeasure,
 Who factious grew, and call'd him *Jew*,
 Whilst he finger'd the Treasure.

VIII.

But fatal Death snatch'd *Hal* away,
 From all his worldly Labour,
 A subtile *Fox*, well known at Court,
 Was now brought into Favour,
 Our ill Success in War had caus'd
 Great Murmuring in the Nation,
Minorca's gone, we're all undone,
 By this Administration.

IX.

To shift and change again they went,
 And try'd a different Party,

34 The P O L I T I C A L

To find the Patriots that were for
The Constitution hearty.
Then, in came *Pitt*, who strongly vow'd
No *continental* Measure,
Should draw us o'er on *Belgium's* Shore,
To spend our *Blood* and *Treasure*.

X.

The Populace were in a Flame
At such a Resolution,
The *London* Common-council met,
To thank him for his Motion ;
The Country copied the Design,
And follow'd in Rotation,
So quickly he, was honour'd Free
Of many Corporations.

XI.

Their Freedoms were in Boxes sent,
Embellish'd wond'rous clever,
In *Gold* and *Silver* to preserve
These Covenants for ever,
Both *Pontipool* and *Kennel Coal*,
Nor think I am in Joke, Sir,
Old *Exeter*, I can aver,
Sent their's in *Heart of Oak*, Sir.

XII.

But see how Things will turn about,
The Men that did oppose it,
As *Hanover* was *GEORGE's* Right,
In Troth they would not lose it:

Then

Then Thousands went, both Horse and Foot,
 For which they thus remonster'd,
 In Troth to say, *America*,
 In *Germany* was conquer'd.

XIII.

Walpole built up *Houghton-Hall*,
 And *Pelham* heap'd up Treasure;
 What Wonder then, if *Pitt* pursues
 A Predecessor's Measure?
 A round Three Thousand Pounds a Year,
 The King the Bond insureth,
 He and his Boy, for to enjoy
 Long as each Life endureth.

XIV.

For many Years, old *Holles* sat
 Amidst this Noise and Riot,
 And few enjoy'd so great a Trust
 With greater Ease and Quiet;
 But when the *Northern Peer* came in
 And gave his Grace a Jostle,
 A Favourite he, they cry'd, must be
 Who rivals great *Newcastle*.

XV.

The veteran Whigs, with Jealous Eyes,
 Were at the Fav'rite glancing,
 Nor could forbear to shew how much
 They envy'd his advancing;
 And all the Rout, was, *Johnny Bute*
 Enjoys so high a Place, Sir,

Which

36 The P O L I T I C A L

Which as a *Scot*, the *Powder Plot*
Was not a Thing much baser.

XVI.

In *Caledonian* Land observe,
Mirth spreads the Country o'er,
For since the *muckle Laird* is rose
To great and sudden Power,
Each *Highland* Lad with Bonnet and Plaid,
Shall with their Lasses caper,
And Joy be seen, at *Aberdeen*.
With Bagpipe, Drum, and Tabor.

S O N G XVII.

A BALLAD SINGER'S RAMBLE to *London*.

Tune, *Rag-Fair*.

I.

THE First of *April* Sixty-three,
To *London* I went budging;
For know you, all of my Degree
Go on their Ten Toes trudging;
At *Coventry*, I stop'd to see
If any Thing was wanting,
From *Pocket Lodge*, pull'd out my Fodge
And straitway fell to chanting.

II.

And as I pass'd the Streets along,
The People round me gazing,

Some

Some cry'd out, 'tis nobly fung,
 And worthy of our praifing;
 In troth my Boy, ~~D~~ presently
 Pick'd up a *Double Grunter*,
 To the Ale-house then, away I ran,
 And spent it with a *Bunter*.

III.

Next Morning by the Break of Day,
 O think, of my good Luck, Sir,
 A touring on the padded Way
 A *Tinker*, I o'er took, Sir,
 Who told me that, Trade was so flat
 That he was almost undone,
 And swore in Troth, to mend the Broth,
 He was ganging away to *London*.

IV.

I pleased was with Company,
 And lik'd his Occupation;
 No better suited could I be,
 To travel o'er the Nation;
 Where e'er we come, I and my *Chum*,
 Some Buifness have to settle;
 I tramp each Town, whilst he fits down
 To mending of a Kettle,

V.

From *Daventry* up to *Towcefter*,
 Together we went jogging,
 Where e'er we call, we cry, Good Sir,
 Of *Gin* bring us a *Noggin*;

But

38 The P O L I T I C A L

But as to *Prog*, where'er we jog,

So little is our Swallow,

A Crust of Bread, serves us for Food,

When Pockets are grown shallow.

VI.

But now observe an odd Affair,

Just entering into *Stoney*;

We met a sturdy jovial *Tar*,

And seeming fraught with Money,

Who cry'd, my Lad, can'tt tip's a *Quid*

Of nice and choice *Virginia*?

Quoth I, my *Blue*, and welcome too,

Without one single Penny.

VII.

He serv'd himself, then cry'd my Boy,

We'll have a Pot together,

So *Tinking-Tom*, the *Tar*, and I,

Sat down to take our Pleasure;

In flowing Bowls, we foak'd our Souls,

'Till Morning Light was peeping,

When *Sailor Jack*, lay on his Back,

Upon the Ground a sleeping.

VIII.

We left the *Tar* to pay the Shot,

Then budg'd away to *Feny*,

Rejoicing at our happy Lot,

As bold and bluff as any;

Through *Brick-hill* past, and came at last,

To *Hockley* in the Hole, Sir,

Where

Where in Delight, we spent the Night,
 No farther then would stroll, Sir.

IX.

Each House was full of Company,
 Not one you'd empty find, Sir,
 Upon a Bed of Straw we lay,
 But this we did not mind, Sir,
 For 'mongst the Throng, by downright Song
 So flush'd was I with Treasure,
 Tho' small the Town, I earn'd a Crown,
 By singing the *Jovial Grazer*.

X.

Thus having got a noble Fill,
 Of what you call good Liquor,
 We cap the Summit of *Chalk-hill*,
 But few could mount it quicker;
 At *Dunstable*, pick'd up a Trull,
 With whom we beat a Parley,
 Then bilk'd her Crib, and danc'd a Jig.
 From thence in the Morning early.

XI.

In *Market-street*, we make no Stop,
 Nor call at Mother *Morgan's*,
 But in the *Barley-mow* we pop,
 Adjoining to St. *Alban's*,
 Where Brother *Brass*, and I might pass,
 One Hour in Conversation,
 Pay down our Shot, then off we trot,
 Nor dwell long in one Station.

By

40 The P O L I T I C A L

XII.

By Twelve o' Clock we came in fight,
And plainly did discern it,
A Place which if my Judgment's right,
The learned, call it *Barnet*;
Quoth I good Cheer, my Boy, for here
Are Carriages so plenty,
We'll have a Ride, in one I cry'd,
If chance it should be empty.

XIII.

To *London* we came safe and found,
But first were sworn at *Highgate*,
Tom was for the *Borough* bound,
And I to the City pike it;
In Tap-house Box, amongst the Folks,
Sat down one Pipe to smoke, Sir,
Where all the Prate, was of the Fate,
Of famous *Rice*, the Broker.

XIV.

Next Day resolv'd the Town to range,
Up *Cornhill*, I went steering,
Just took a Step a-crofs the '*Change*,
But nothing found worth hearing;
'Mongst *Bulls* and *Bears* and such like Snares
My Mind not greatly fancies,
I fled from *Scrip*, and took a Trip,
With speed towards St. *James's*.

'Mongst

XV.

The KING was going to Parliament,
 Innumeros Crouds were round him,
 Some huzza'd him as he went,
 Whilst others cry'd confound him;
 At length a Shout, came thundering out,
 That made the Air to ring, Sir,
 All in one Voice, cry'd, *No Excise,*
No Bute, No Cyder KING, Sir.

XVI.

'Mongst every Company I got,
 Of political Speakers,
 Chiefest Tone was, D——n the *Scot,*
 And all such vile *Peace-makers;*
 Resolv'd no more, the Streets to scour,
 Or with the Cits' t' assemble,
 I hasted down, to this good Town,
 So ended my *London Ramble.*

S O N G XVIII.

The COCK-LANE GHOST.

Tune, *Tristram Shandy.*

I.

STORIES of Phantoms in History long have stood,
 Oft have I read them in Authors of old;
 When *Hofier's* Ghost danc'd a Jig on the briny Flood,
 O how it frighten'd our Sailors so bold;

42. The *APPROPRIATING* A L

Near the Town *Portobell*,
Many the same can tell,
And some have said to brave *Vernon* it spoke;
The Omen was wonderous great!
The Tars were amazingly struck!
The *Londoners* swallow'd the Bait,
The *Country* took all as a Joke.

II.

A Fling on the *Cockneys* is nothing uncommon, Sir,
Instances of it I've nam'd heretofore,
How they were nick'd both by Man and by Woman, Sir,
Courtiers and Citizens, and many more:
When young *Aristotle*,
To creep in the Bottle,
Had drawn a large Audience to see the Exploit;
He thus executed his Job,
When all were intent on the Sight;
Took Care for to fill up his Fob,
And then bid 'em all a good Night.

III.

Many think now that this *Hay-Market* Conjuror,
Out of Diversion to hum them again,
Playing the *Harlequin*, in lesser Compass, Sir,
Crept thro' a Key-hole that is in *Cock-Lane*;
After a Twelve-years Nap,
Changing his former Shape,
Snugly he lodg'd in the Crack of a Wall;

And

And there by a Knock and a Scratch,
 He numbers about him did call,
 The *Clergy* themselves came to watch,
 But yet, Sirs, he cheated them all.

IV.

'Twas in the Vault of a Church called *Clerkenwell*,
 Where are deposited many dead Bones,
 Our *London* Connoisseurs searching this lonely Cell,
 Seeing no Spirit, nor hearing no Groans,
 Cry'd out in Troth, Sir!
 'Tis all an Imposture,
 And all the Assemby in this Point agreed;
 That all the Affair was a Cheat,
 A strange humming Story indeed,
 And swore from Discovery so great,
 The Public should have it with Speed.

V.

With that to the Printers they sent their Credentials,
 In manifest Vows what they knew to be true,
Lloyd, and the rest, publish'd off the Essentials, [view;
 That all the whole World their Transactions might
 No Doubt but Hist'ry,
 Will hand to Posterity,
 Each single Circumstance of these strange Things;
 As telling what Hour of the Clock
 The Sprite this Intelligence brings,
 And gives you the Answer by Knock,
 At other Times flutters its Wings.

44 The P O L I T I C A L

As once an Affair deeply puzzl'd the Cunning,
Nor is it to Numbers made clear to this Day,
Concerning a Girl that was called *Bet Canning*,
But took from *Moor-Fields*, in a Whirl-wind away:
Gipsy, or *Cananite*,
Faith it was all a Bite,
So is this Story when stript of its Veil;
But we joyous over our Bowls,
When met for an Evening's Regale,
Will laugh at those credulous Souls,
That swallow'd this *Cock and Bull Tale*.

S O N G XIX.

The QUEEN's LITTLE MARE.

Tune, *The Old Woman of Grimstone.*

I.

ONCE a Creature brought o'er
From the African Shore,
As a Wonder in Nature did pass;
This outlandish Beast,
So esteem'd and carest,
People called her Majesty's Afs.

II.

Now this Afs was in Fame,
Till an Elephant came,
Which the King for his Magnitude priz'd;

As

As his ponderous Weight,
 Serv'd to prop up the Sate,
 At his coming great Things were furmiz'd.

III.

But to Novelty's call,
 Which keeps up the Ball,
 The Curious will always attend;
 This made (not from Neatness,
 But more through his Greatness)
 The Afs to the Elephant bend.

IV.

So this Elephant bold,
 For some Time was extoll'd,
 And for Praise had the far greater Share;
 Till from India there came,
 To our good Royal Dame,
 A beautiful sweet little Mare.

V.

This Creature so pretty,
 Oft makes from the City,
 Fine Folk to St. James's repair;
 Their Joy to exprefs,
 And to pay their Address
 To the QUEEN's little galloping Mare.

VI.

Now to help little Kate
 To a fizeable Mate,
 Late was brought o'er a Stallion as rare:

46 The P O L I T I C A L

Thirty Inches they say,
Justly measures the Bay,
That's to cover the QUEEN's little Mare.

VII.

From these little Dobbins,
Should make Cock Robins,
Perchance from their Matching proceed;
Young Princes may ride,
And themselves the Reins guide,
But then who's to pay for the Feed?

VIII.

The Cost may be large,
Yet still if the Charge
The C—v—l L—t Bounds don't exceed,
Then he that is loyal,
Will make no Denial
To pray for the QUEEN's little breed.

S O N G XX.

The SPANISH RIOT.

I.

AS a Fav'rite abroad
Who had long his Prince rode,
Was attempting to ride o'er the People;
To his Sorrow he saw,
Spite of any fresh Law,
He could not with their Stubborness grapple.

S O N G S T E R 47.

II.

Thirty thousand 'tis told,
Full as valiant and bold,
As so many *Spitalfield Weavers*;
In a ranting Huzza !
To the King bent their Way,
All equipt in long Cloaks and flat Beavers.

III.

Now the cunning *Squillace*,
Rightly weighing the Case,
And dreading these daring Rascallions,
Thought it much the best Way,
To make off for the Sea,
And take Shelter among the *Italians*.

IV.

French Fashions they swore,
Should no longer be wore,
To the Monarch the Sound must be teasing;
But that Part of the Fray,
I can venture to say,
Is to no *British* Bosom displeasing.

V.

But the Fav'rite is flown,
So the Day is their own,
And they've cook'd up their Matters so clever;
That all are acquitted,
And each is permitted,
To wear his long Cloak and flat Beaver.

48 The P O L I T I C A L

VI.

For to put on *French Caps*,
To a *Spaniard* perhaps,
If I give you my Judgment upon it;
In Regard to a Change,
Would be equally strange,
As an *Englishman's* wearing a BONNET.

S O N G XXI.

The BROMWICH MASQUERADE.

I.

TALK no more of vain Romances,
Playhouse Songs, or Country Dances;
'Mongst the Gentry of the Nation,
MASQUERADING's all the Fashion.

II.

At BROMWICH, t' other Day, the Splendor
Truly did Amazement render!
Gods and Goddeffes advancing!
And the little CUPIDS dancing.

III.

Characters of various Nations,
Shone in splendid Imitations;
Some look'd bold and fierce as DRAGONS,
Some like TURKS and some like PAGANS,

IV.

With the Spoils of INDIA garnish'd,
View the NABOB richly harnes'd; Sparkling

Sparkling Diamonds in his PLUMAGE,
When he join'd the Dance at BROMWICH.

V.

But where's the Nymph that's half so clever
As DIANA with her Quiver:
Of the Train the fairest Flower,
To whom VENUS yields her Power.

VI.

Mark! how each Spectator traces
VULCAN'S Sons with iron Faces;
Like the TARS that seek Promotion,
Look'd as tho' they'd brav'd the Ocean.

VII.

Next observe the fam'd Ph——h,
Hermit like commence Magician;
Sure the Judgment must be Sterling,
Of the deep sagacious MERLIN.

VIII.

When Conjurers can jig and caper,
Bluster, swell, look big, and vapour;
PUNCH, the Prince of merry Fellows,
Of such Doings must be jealous.

S O N G XXII.

*On a PLAY-HOUSE being turn'd into a ME-
THODIST MEETING-HOUSE.*

I.

I Sing not of Battles, nor sing of the State,
But a strange Metamorphose that's happen'd of late
Which if the Comedians of London should hear,
Who knows—it may put the whole Body in Fear,
Derry down, &c.

II.

Where Dancing and Tumbling have many Times been,
And Plays of all Kinds by large Audiences seen;
These *wicked* Diversions are not to be more,
Poor Shakespear is buffeted out of the Door,
Derry down, &c.

III.

The Story is true, tho' the Tale it is strange,
And People might well be alarm'd at the Change;
Instead of a DRYDEN, a JOHNSON, or LEE,
You nothing but purest Devotion can see
Derry down, &c.

IV.

Behold, where the Sons of bright Mirth oft appear'd,
The Scenes are thrown down, and a Pulpit is rear'd;
The Boxes on each Side converted to Pews,
And the Pit all around nought but Gravity shews.
Derry down, &c.

S O N G S T E R.

51

V.

The Music's sweet Sound which enliven'd the Mind,
Is turn'd into that of a different kind;
No comic Burletta, or French Rigadoon,
But all join together and chant a Psalm Tune.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

When told that fam'd W—l—y appear'd on the Stage,
The grave Ones began to reflect on the Age;
But those in the Secret approv'd of the Case,
For 'twas done to drive SATAN away from the Place.

Derry down, &c.

VII.

If thorough the Land this example should take,
A strange Reformation it surely will make,
All Writings dramatic must certainly cease,
If COVENT' and DRURY should catch the Disease,

Derry down, &c.

S O N G XXIII.

The LOTTERY CLUB.

Tune, Now to pant on Thetis' Breast.

I.

SONS of Mirth and Jollity,
Lovers of facetious Glee,
'Tis the Season to be gay,
To your Pleasures haste away;

H 2

Whilst

52 *T*he *P* *O* *L* *I* *T* *I* *C* *A* *L*

Whilst the Cup goes briskly round,
Let the Night with Mirth be crown'd.

C H O R U S.

*Gaily sporting, frank, and free,
Life is all a Lottery.*

II.

In the busy Scene of Life,
Mixt with Envy, Care and Strife;
View Mankind in every State,
All aspiring to be great;
Using various Means to steal,
Treasure from Dame Fortune's Wheel.

Gaily sporting, &c.

III.

Summer Sports and Winter Tales,
Every Heart with Joy regales;
Thus through Life we gaily steer;
Thus we crown the circling Year;
Drinking, Chatting, Whist or Song,
Pass the Evening Hours along, . . . *Gayly sporting &c.*

IV.

No Demurs or Party Spleen,
'Mongst our jovial Band is seen,
Friendship, Love, and Mirth unite,
To afford the Soul Delight;
How can Mortals happier be,
Than we Sons of Jollity.

*Gaily sporting, frank, and free,
Life is all a Lottery.*

SONG

S O N G XXIV.

The L O N D O N A D D R E S S O R S.

GIVE Attention to my Ditty,
 All ye honest English Hearts,
 For a Tale of so much Pity,
 Seldom any Muse imparts;
 'Twas on March the Twenty-Second,
 In the Year of Sixty-Nine;
 Merchants near a Thousand reckon'd,
 Full of Loyalty would shine.

To address our good K—g, from the CHANGE they ad-
 vance, Sir,
 But never before, were they led such a Dance, Sir,
 For long before Fleet-Street, they fairly had quitted,
 The whole of the Band very roughly were treated:
 No Merchants before, to the Public Derision!
 Ever were in, such a dirty Condition.

Not a Carriage appear'd but with Mud was bespatter'd,
 Some Heads were much bruise'd and their Garments
 were tatter'd;
 And is it not strange, that the Gates of the City,
 Should be shut to a Sight, all so decent and pretty?
 Fie on these shameless, and flagrant Aggressors!
 To mob such a Dutiful Train of Addressors.

54 *T H E P O L I T I C A L*

In this pitiful Plight,
You must think it was right,
As their Garments were spatter'd with Dirt;
From what had mishap'd,
To get themselves scrap'd,
Before they slept into the Court.

We are come, please your Liege,
Those *good* Men to oblige,
Who are known at the Helm to preside,
Their Commands we obey,
And will do as they say,
Whatever their Actions betide.

But alas, how they stood,
When their Visages shew'd,
What Treatment they'd met in the Bustle!
The Disaster, how great!
For what could they relate,
When they'd lost their pallav'ring Epistle.

Full two Hours or more,
They waited before,
Their Lines could be fairly presented;
'Twas judg'd they'd Miscarried,
And were going to be buried,
When a Hearse hung in Sable attended.

By

By the Books when 'twas known,
 What Names were set down,
 In the List of these kingly Careffors;
 Turks, French, Swedes, and Jews!
 Nay Japanners of Shoes,
 Swell'd the Train of these fawning Addressors.

Then let who will bend,
 To kifs the K—g's hand,
 True Englishmen scorn such Pallaver;
 But when Times better grow,
 Their Affection will shew,
 To King George and old England for ever.

S O N G XXV.

The DEFAULTER's RETREAT.

To the Tune of, *The Hounds are all out.*

I.

YE Hunters so bold, who delight in a Chace
 Nor dread leaping Rivers or Rocks;
 Attend, whil'ft in Song I endeavour to trace
 The Retreat of a cunning old Fox,

My brave Boys.

II.

The Liv'ry of London, with joy be it told,
 Unkennel'd this crafty old *Ren*;

They

56 *THE P O L I T I C A L*

They ruffled his Brush and purfu'd him so bold,
That he fled fairly over the Main. &c.

III.

Tho' to France the Defaulter for Safety may go,
'Tis odds, for the Wrongs he has done;
If the Huntsmen who rous'd him, but cry Tally'o
For his Life he will closely be run. &c.

IV.

Long Time on, the Plains of fair *Albion* he rang'd,
And fed on the Sweets of the Soil;
But now the Deceiver his Climate has chang'd,
And our Foes they partake of his Spoil. &c.

V.

Since *London* the noble Example has set,
O let not the Season slip by;
Unite in the Hunt, and Success you will meet,
Such a Cause never suffer to die, &c.

VI.

The Coursers of *Yorkshire* are ready we find,
The worthy Sir *George* leads the Van,
And the *Devonshire* Lads for the Sport are inclin'd,
For the *Doctor* has drawn out the Plan. &c.

VII.

Shall *Warwickshire* Hunters in Slackness be found,
And not the Occasion embrace?
Our Fathers of old would have tore up the Ground!
Ere they'd lag in so noble a Chace. &c.

VIII.

Ye Counties around, at the Call make no Stand,
 Like Britons your Courage display ;
 And chase the State Vermin quite out of the Land,
 That aim on its Vitals to prey

My brave Boys, &c.

S O N G XXVI.

The WARWICKSHIRE MILITIA.

Written in the Year 1761.

Tune, The Glorious First of August.

STRIKE up the Song my jovial Lads,
 In Strains both loud and noble!
 For what have we from Foes to fear,
 Invasion's all a Bubble;
 Not all the Power of France and Spain,
 One Foot of British Land shall gain,
 While Love and Frindship do remain,
 In England's brave Militia.

No sooner were the Tidings spread,
 That many Counties round us ;
 Were arm'd for King and County's Right,
 In Readiness they found us ;
 Heedless of Danger, Life, or Toil,
 Warwickshire Boys to guard their Ile,
 Ran from the Plough, the Loom, and File,
 To join the brave Militia.

I

What

58 *T H E P O L I T I C A L*

What can those Neighbouring Counties say,
Who seem so slack in joining?
How great would Britain's Bulwark be,
Were all the Shires combining;
The noble Conquests we enjoy,
To this Day' might unconquer'd lie!
Had not our Coast been guarded by,
Old England's brave Militia.

S O N G XXVIII.

The KING of DENMARK's Arrival.

Tune of, Stick a Pin there.

I.

YE Mortals so fond of the Baubles of State,
Who flock to St. James's, to gaze at the Great;
Quit, quit your Abodes, and to Dover advance,
To see the fine Show that is coming from France.

II.

How anxious the Nobles, to welcome the Dane,
How joyous the People, how brilliant the Train!
Old and Young of each Sex, are much pleas'd at the
Thing,
And stand upon Tiptoes to look at the King.

III.

No doubt at this young northern Monarch to peep,
The People of England some Pleasure must reap;

Who

Who seem full as fond, if the Truth was made known,
Of seeing this Prince, as of seeing their own.

IV.

Away then ye Britons, for sure such a Sight,
To all English Hearts must afford much Delight;
But say, how can Scotland unite in the Dance,
When told that their Darling is gone o'er to France.

V.

Tho' Scotland's in Tears, whilst the Fav'rite's away,
The French there's no doubt on't, will welcome his Stay;
And must be as pleas'd with the Sight of the Thane,
As Englishmen can be in seeing the Dane.

VI.

The South part of France, as Physicians advise,
For weak Constitutions agreeably lies;
Yet if credit be given to popular Tales,
The best Clime for Scotchmen's the *Middle of Wales*

VII.

But tell me which best will an Englishman suit,
The Sight of a King, or the Loss of a B——e?
The Court may seem pleas'd with the coming of one,
And the Country rejoice that the other is gone.

VIII.

The Prince that is affable, active and free,
To many a pleasing Appearance must be;
Yet methinks at St. James's, what's wanted the most,
Is something resembling old Oliver's Ghost.

S O N G XXIX.

The KING of DENMARK's Masquerade.

I.

IN this blessed Land of Plenty,
Denmark's King (not passing twenty)
Gives a Courtly Invitation,
To the Gentry of the Nation.

II.

At the brilliant Masquerade o,
How the Nobles do parade o;
Kings and Princesses advancing,
And a motley Concourse dancing.

III.

Whitfield's Emblem first observe, Sirs,
Mixt with Nabobs, Blacks and Conj'rs;
Next the Bear and Chimney-sweeper,
With his Shovel, Bag and Scraper.

IV.

Witches with their fable Faces,
Dominos and Persian Dresses,
Turks and Tartars, Jews and Quakers,
Wonders! shew in cutting Capers.

V.

Diamonds sparkle round the Theatre,
Moons appear, and Stars do glitter;
Whilst the — who nothing utters,
Plays at Bo-peep 'tween the Shutters.

Bedford's

VI.

Bedford's Duke who can but pity,
Losing of his Box so pretty ;
Pitt amongst his Boxes never,
Had a thing so neat and clever.

VII.

Who could have the brazen Face to
Serve his good Peace-making Grace so ;
Years ago some Scoundrel drub'd him
Now some plaguy Thief has rob'd him.

S O N G XXX.

The DUMB ADMINISTRATION.

A Burlesque Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

'T Was when the Lords were met, a noble Sight,
Of Barons bold, fam'd Earls, and Dukes of Might,
With mitred Prelates, saving only two,
But what had Canterbury in their View ;
The long-rob'd Speaker of the Murray Clan,
The Crown's chief Pleader tho' a Stuart's Man,
With Fear and Trembling heard a Motion made,
Which all the tyrannising Band difmay'd.

Tune, *Welcome, welcome Brother Debtor.*

In this pitiful Condition,

Tho' our Rivals strike us dumb ; Truth

62 The P O L I T I C A L

Truth may sway the Opposition,
 But 'tis lost when Numbers come ;
 Since the grave right reverend Fathers,
 Throw a dead Weight in the Scale,
 Favour'd with their pious Labours,
 In our Schemes we cannot fail.

Tune, *A Free and an Accepted Mason.*
 But if Truth may be spoke,
 Exempt from a Joke,
 Take the Hint ye Bagpipers and Harpers ;
 Till this blessed Year,
 The S—te fure was ne'er,
 So crowded with G—m—lers and Sh——pers.

Tune, *Ally Croaker.*

Our Statesmen so much, are the Subject of Ridicule,
 The best of the chosen Train, proves either Kn—e or
 Hearts that are fraught with basest Servility! [F—I;
 Heads that are utterly void of Ability.

C H O R U S.

*Can Government be in a worse Situation,
 Than plagu'd with a Dumb-struck Administration ?*

What they meant to support, is grown such a rotten Case,
 The K—g's fav'rite Judge asham'd is the Cause to face;
 Finding 'twill not admit of the least Defence,
 * *Quibbles on Forms* and talks about Competence.

Can Government, &c.

* Alluding to the Speech of Lord Ch——m,

Tune, *The Warwickshire Lad.*

But of all the grand Robbinhood Ranters !
 Whoe'er may seem serious or banters ;
 If he wins Esteem who can Laughter afford,
 The Lord of all Lords is a Warwickshire Lord,
 Warwickshire Lord,
 How he roar'd !
 The Lord of all Lords, is a Warwickshire Lord.

This blustering Bed-chamber Hero !
 That's fit for the Use of a Nero !
 In bellowing, and bullying, how glorious he stood,
 And the Blood of all Bloods, is a Warwickshire Blood,
 Warwickshire Blood !
 Sportsman good,
 And the Blood of all Bloods, is a Warwickshire Blood.

Tune, *Nancy Dawson.*

Who'd e'er have thought that Warwickshire,
 Could boast of such a famous P——r !
 Whose great Abilities we hear,
 Strike all with Admiration !
 This angry Lord in making Sport,
 Can Anger shew of such a Sort,
 To pleasure those who love to thwart,
 The DUMB ADMINISTRATION.

To

64 The P O L I T I C A L

To find my L—d C—f J——se mute,
Nor dare their rotten Cause dispute,
Could not but gripe the Friends of B—e,

And fill 'em with Vexation!

When Camden nobly rose to plead,
The Dunghill S—t hung down his Head,
For Truth and Justice struck with Dread!

The DUMB ADMINISTRATION.

Whilst through the Land Oppression spreads,
What Pity but those Courtly Blades,
Who lost their Tongues had lost their H—ds?

What Joy 'twould give the Nation.

Since Trade and Freedom are at Stake,
A glorious Holiday 'twill make,
When Belzebub shall please to take,

The DUMB ADMINISTRATION.

S O N G XXXI.

The FISHERMEN.

To the Tune of, *Shawnbree*.

THE true jolly Anglers of ev'ry Degree,
Who fond of such innocent Sporting,
Are seen on the Banks, of the Trent or the Dee,
The taper Rod flinging and flirting;
In Search of their Pastime are many Times sure,
Joy to find in a little Excursion;

But

But they who go out the wide Ocean to scour,
Are certain of nobler Diversion.

The Tars of Old England, are stout Fishermen,
For this I will give you good Reason ;
They plow the Seas over again and again,
In every Weather and Season ;
They fish not for Carp, for Perch, or for Tench,
Such small Ware they not at all mind 'em ;
But in Bays, Lakes, and Creeks, they lay out for the
French,
And take 'em wherever they find 'em.

There's *Pocock* who but a few Years to look back,
Near the Mouth of the GANGES was rolling,
But being inclin'd to lay Hold of a Jack,
To the opposite Indies went trolling ;
His Tackle was stout, and good his Design,
And he well executed his Plan-ah ;
For twelve of the Line, he entrawl'd in his Twine,
That were bobbing about the Havannah.

Such Fondness for Fishing, is known to arise,
Such Hopes of sweet Pleasures renewing ;
The thorough bred Angler who feasts on the Joys,
Is daily the Practice pursuing ;
With his Rod in his Hand, all the Day will he stand,
Ev'ry Move of the Flote closely watching ;

66 The P O L I T I C A L

Nor cares who comes nigh, to partake of his Fry,
So he has but the Pleasure of Catching.

At EDGBASTON Pool, which but lately was fish'd,
The Carp were so plump and so nice, Sir,
Our jolly young Fishmongers, had what they wish'd,
I mean in Respect to the Price, Sir;
George R—k when he found, they were Twelve-pence
per Pound,
Beside the fly Trick of the *Basket*,
Grew angry and swore! he the Trade must give o'er,
For he had not the Conscience to ask it.

S O N G XXXII.

The B I R M I N G H A M R I O T.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all;

A dreadful Riot lately did,
In Birmingham befall.

A Band of sturdy rustic Blades,
To shew their valiant Might;
Defiance bid and put the Town,
Into a woeful Fright.

And Things be sold at easy Rates,
Or we'll ranfack the Town.
In Triumph loudly did they cry!
The Markets shall come down!

With

With Children and old Women too,
That form'd this motley Throng;
These Desperadoes at one Time,
Where counted Twenty strong.

But one would think they pick'd their Time,
For truly be it known;
That all our valiant fighting Men,
Were at the County Town.

The Elders in a Body met,
The Council just and wise;
All, all consented speedily,
The Cause to advertize.

'Twas nobly spoke, 'twas nobly done,
All Magistrates must own;
But whilst the Council sat, the Mob
Were plundering the Town.

Throughout the Land sure ne'er before
Can any Hift'ry shew;
What mighty Things! our mighty Chiefs!
Were fairly mob'd to do.

May Heaven protect our Properties,
Our Freedom and the Poor;
And grant they never may have Cause,
To riot any more.

SONG

68 The P O L I T I C A L

S O N G XXXIII.

NEWS *from* E L Y S I U M.

IN Elyfium by lateft of Tidings that came,
Some Immortals enroll'd on the Records of Fame;
Were affembled each other's Opinion to know,
On a Subject, that turn'd upon Mortals below.

How Things went in England, they feem'd much con-
For fuch like Intelligence often Times burn'd; [cern'd,
And whilst they were wifhing for News to transfire,
Arriv'd honeft *Beckford* to ease their Defire.

Old George as their Prefident fill'd up the Chair,
The PELHAMS fat lift'ning, and GRANVILLE was there;
Duke WILLIAM was fummon'd the Council t'attend,
For Britain had never a much greater Friend.

He briefly related what Steps had been ta'en,
How PETITIONS, REMONSTRANCES all were in vain;
And told what Reply he had made to the King,
Which in Shouts of Applaufe made the Regions to ring.

In greateft Aftonifhment, Sorrow, and Wonder!
They heard what Affliction the Nation was under;
Nay George when he found what his Grandfon was at,
Grew fo vex't, that he could not help *kicking his Hat*.

When

S O N G S T E R. 69

When to drop the Discourse they had judg'd it was fit,
And their Fancies were bent upon Humour and Wit;
Large Bowls were brought in social Mirth to display,
For they love when they're met to be jolly and gay.

To the Worthies of England, they chearfully fill'd,
With'd the Land better Senators quickly might yield;
For the Subjects they knew, if no wrongs stain'd the Land,
The Prince their Affections might always command.

To CAMDEN the Toast with much Pleasure went round,
With what greater Honours can Mortal be crown'd;
To CHATHAM and likewise his good noble Brother,
But never once drank to the — or his Mother.

Then since with the greatest Contempt and Derision,
They've treated your Deeds in the Fields of Elysium;
As a Lesson; oh George! these my Sentiments deem,
And place your Support in your People's Esteem.

S O N G XXXIV.

The O L D K I N G ' s G H O S T .

Tune of, Teague's Ramble to London.

THE Clock had struck twelve, old Morpheus's Hour,
Who half the Globe over assumes his dark Pow'r,
All

70 *T H E P O L I T I C A L*

All dismal and gloomy the Heav'ns appear'd,
And nothing but Howling of Dogs was there hear'd;
When lo, on a Sudden across Palace Yard,
A Spectre that terribly frighten'd the Guard!
Advanc'd within Reach of his Majesty's Ear, [near.
Who was wak'd from a Dream that his Grandfire was

Start not that I come, for my Bones could not lie
At Rest when the Groans of this Land pierce the Sky!
To warn you those infamous People to shun,
Who near to Destruction the Kingdom have run:
England never appear'd with a Guardian more blest,
Than when in my Grave I was first laid to Rest,
But oh! what a horrible Change has took Place!
To the Shame of the Cr—n and the Nation's Disgrace.

How dare you at Council Board cause to appear,
The Men whom you know I forbid to come near?
Why remov'd are my old steady Friends from the State,
For those whom your Subjects detestably hate?
Can they be forgotten, who would have laid down,
Their Lives in Defence of the Rights of your Crown?
Newcastle to me broken-hearted appear'd,
Or I from the Shades in this Form had not steer'd.

Is not the whole Kingdom astonish'd to find,
A Descendant from Brunswick so stubborn in Mind?

Running

Running counter to those very Actions that gain'd,
The Love of all Hearts when your Ancestors reign'd;
A Star-Chamber Court in these Days to erect,
Is a Grievance that Britons could never expect;
But mark what I say, of the Danger beware!
For Englishmen no such Oppression will bear.

Be Cautious for Fear lest you split on that Rock,
Which brought the unfortunate Charles to the —
If fawning Addresses the Th—ne could secure,
James the Second would never have fled from the Shore.
By marks of false Loyalty, Pomp, and Parade,
And female Advise be no longer misled;
Let the Voice of the People your Notice excite,
And make their Affection your Guardian Delight.

Your Uncle, when living, advis'd like a Friend,
For Measures that would to your Happiness tend;
Good Man, how he studied his Country's Good,
But how little, alas! you've his Maxims pursu'd;
Must the Peace of the Land be for ever destroy'd,
To humour the D—g—r's insolent Pride!
Oh George think of me, when I'm fled from this Spot,
Nor stop you your M——r from following the S—t.

I leave you to guess what a pitiful Station,
The — must be in at this Expostulation!
So shock'd at so strange and tremendous a Sight!
No Answer was made, so the Ghost took its Flight;

72 The P O L I T I C A L

What Impression this Visit will have on his Mind,
To Time I must leave to be further defin'd;
Already at Court Things a Gloominess wear,
And the Q— at the Fright has Miscarried we hear.

S O N G XXXV.

The C O M P L A I N T.

To the Tune of, *Take me Jenny*, &c.

I.

SAY my noble *Laird* of Bute,
To whom I so duly
Pay my kind sincere Respects,
And stand by so truly;
Why dost thou keep abroad,
With *Monfieurs* gallanting?
Whilst thy dearest *Lassie* is,
Thy Absence lamenting.

C H O R U S.

Dearest *Johnny*,
Sweetest *Crony*,
Think about returning;
Six Months I,
Continually,
Thy Absence have been mourning;
Tarry not,
Dearest *Scot*,
Since thou know'st so clearly;

Ev'ry

Ev'ry Nerve,
I'll strain to serve !
The Man I love so dearly

II.

I've got a lovely Boy,
Who can't but respect you,
Whom you tutor'd to your Mind,
He ne'er will neglect you;
Place on his valiant Troops,
Your firmest Reliance;
And to all the World beside,
Bid noble Defiance.

Dearest Johnny, &c.

III.

If your Pleasure be to 'slave,
Or slaughter the Nation,
Thousands shall be sacrific'd,
To your Inclination;
Witness St. George's Fields,
A worthy Example,
Proving that you still have Power,
On England to trample.

Dearest Johnny, &c.

P——t shall right or wrong,
Appear in your Favour,
J——s too to serve your Cause,
Shall artfully labour;
Female Pride shall hold the Land,

74 The P O L I T I C A L

In humble Subjection;
And you shall rule the——himself,
Whilst we have Connection.
Dearest Johnny, &c.

S O N G XXXVI.

The D E P A R T U R E.

Tune of, *Early one Morn a jolly brisk Tar, &c.*

'T WAS when the Business of the State,
Was for the Year completed,
Far away from Stephen's Gate,
Our Senators were retreated;
Moggy who long had rul'd the Roast,
And set all the Land on Fire,
Once more to ken the German Coast,
Fell in a strong Desire.

That which gave English Bosoms Joy,
(Take what I say for certain)
Filled with Grief her darling Boy,
Who thus bespoke at Parting;
Dearest Mama, take me in your Hand,
If the Occasion suit you,
I who was always at your Command;
Nothing can do without you.

Think not that I shall be alone,
Banish such Apprehension;

Has

Has not from Britain long been one,
 Worthy of my Attention?
 I when Abroad, my lovely Boy,
 Pleasure shall daily be taking.
 Whilst you your princely Talents t'employ,
 Curious Buttons are making.

'Twas on the Margin of the Deep,
 As they were Anchor weighing,
 Soon as BRITANNIA spy'd the Ship,
 Thus to the Waves was praying;
 NEPTUNE, thou ruling God of the Sea,
 Be to her Passage civil;
 But grant that England ever may be,
 Rid of her greatest Evil.

S O N G XXXVII.

The JOVIAL COCKER.

Tune, The Jolly Angler.

I.

OF the jovial Sons of Game,
 Scatter'd o'er the Nation,
 From the highest Rank of Fame,
 To the lowest Station,
 None there are,
 That can compare,
 To Cockers for a Spirit:

L 2

Old

76 *T H E P O L I T I C A L*

Old and Young, of the Throng,
When they hear, far or near,
Of a Fight, take a Flight,
Free and bold, sport their Gold,
'Mongst their Brethren of the Band;
Winning, losing, ne'er refusing,
To discount a just Demand,
Whilst of Cash their Pockets stand,
Stout enough to bear it.

II.

Not a Country save our own,
Can such Sort be found in,
But in *Britain's* Isle alone,
Doth such Bloods abound in,
True-bred Stags,
Like *English* Lads,
Win the Fight or die, Sir :
If by Chance the Breed of *France*,
Mix among our feather'd Throng,
Those we lot, for Spit or Pot,
For to feel, the Prick of Steel,
Makes 'em cow'r and turn Tail,
Hasting, shifting, running, mourning,
British Fowl, Boys, never fail,
Over *French* Cocks to prevail,
Or to make them fly, Sir.

III.

'Tis a comely pleasing Sight
On a Summer's Morning,

To

To behold in Splendor bright,
All in Bloom adorning,

Chanticleer,

Devoid of Fear,

In Pride the World out-vying :

Claps his Wings; then he sings,

Now he walks, then he stalks,

Turns his Head, of Coral Red,

For to hear, if any near,

Answer to his thrilling Sound,

Cawing, crowing, rutting, strutting,

Braving all his Neighbours round,

Combats those that's ever found

On his Boundry prying.

IV.

When the Time apporaches nigh

That there's Sport ensuing,

For the Pit away we fly,

Fancy's Will purfuing,

I hold a Crown,

Before they're down,

Take of each your Liking:

Standers by, loudly cry,

Odds the Grey, wins the Day,

But in a While, the Ginger Pile,

Foremost gets, now the Betts,

Turn about from Side to Side:

Panting, breathing, bleeding, dying,

There's

78 *T H E P O L I T I C A L*

There's a Contest bravely try'd,
Grey was Bottom tho' he dy'd,
And a true-bred Chicken.

V.

Soon as e'er a Battle ends,
From the Fight retiring,
All sit down as jovial Friends,
What is more desiring,
Then to see
Quite frank and free
Social Mirth combining?
Now we brag, of Duck-wing Stag.
Make a Match, sing a Catch,
Drink and smoke, pass a Joke,
Then again, to the same;
Thus the Hours glide away,
Gentle, simple, wicked, ragged,
All delight to sport and play,
And their Losings freely pay,
Ne'er at Fate repining.

VI.

Let the rest of different Scenes,
Boast their greatest Pleasure,
Of the Turf, or pictur'd Queens,
Sporting free their Treasure,
Let them prefer
Inferior
Delights of Recreation :

English

English Blood, staunch and good,
 Love to cock, drink, and snock,
 And resort, for the Sport,
 To and fro, high or low,
 Wind about each different Shire;
 Cutting, trimming, heeling, betting,
 Care not for what Point we bear,
 Cockers always meet and fare
 With the best in Fashion.

S O N G XXXVIII.

B I R M I N G H A M L A D S .

Tune, *Warwickshire Lad*.

THIS Day, for our new Navigation,
 We banish all Cares and Vexation;
 The Sight of the Barges each honest Heart glads,
 And the merriest of Mortals are *Birmingham* Lads,
 Birmingham Lads,
 Jovial Blades,
 And the merriest of Mortals are *Birmingham* Lads.
 With Rapture all Hearts must be glowing,
 Stamps, Presses, nor Lathes shall be going;
 The Lads to the Wharf with their Lasses repair,
 And smile at the Streamers that play in the Air,
 Play in the Air,
 Free and fair,
 And smile at the Streamers that play in the Air.

Let

80 T H E P O L I T I C A L .

Let *Stratford's* Sons boast out of Measure,
The Fruits of their Mulberry Treasure:
Such Treasure for once may cause Jubilee Joys,
But Riches spring daily from *Birmingham* Toys,
 Birmingham Toys
 All Men prize,
But Riches spring daily from *Birmingham* Toys.
 Of Thames, Severn, Trent, and the Avon,
Our Country men frequently rave on;
But none of their Neighbours are happier than they,
Who peaceably dwell on the Banks of the *Rea*,
 Banks of *Rea*,
 Ever gay,
Who peaceably dwell on the Banks of the *Rea*.
 Not Europe can match us for Traffic,
America, Asia, and Afric':
Of what we invent, each partakes of a Share,
For the best of wrought Metals is *Birmingham* Ware.
 Birmingham Ware,
 None so rare,
For the best of wrought Metals is *Birmingham* Ware.

S O N G XXIX.

The A R T I S T S J U B I L E E .

Tune, *Nancy Dawson*.

Y E jovial Lads come join with me,
 In pleasing Mirth and Jollity,
For Pleasure bids us haste away
 To crown the Undertaking:

The

The Strikers from their Anvils run,
 The Founders break their Pots, and shun
 Their Toil, to join the glorious Fun,
 And go a Navigating.

From break of Day, till *Sol* goes down,
 Are Thousands flocking from the Town,
 And Joy in every Face is shewn
 Upon this good Occasion!
 The Grave, the Gay; the Old, the Young;
 Nay, Cripples, 'mongst the motley Throng,
 Go hobbling chearfully along,
 To view the Navigation.

Britannia gladly views the Scene,
 By which her Sons much Wealth must gain,
 And cries, let Peace and Freedom reign,
 To blefs our happy Station:
 So far from briny Lakes to be,
 'Twould make old *Neptune* smile to see,
 Such Inland, *English* Hearts as we,
 So fond of Navigation.

S O N G XL.

The D E V I L *among the* T A Y L O R S

W H E N Parliament Buſineſs was near at an End,
 Which *Belzebub* long has been known to defend;
 M After

82 The P O L I T I C A L

After dext'rouſly managing Matters above
Left St. Stephen's, abroad in the Country to rove.

With the Heads of the State took a pleaſing Farewel,
And bow'd as he paſs'd a fine Houſe in *Pall Mall*;
Seem'd previously bent for the Weſtward to ſteer,
Nor ſtopt till he came into fair Warwickſhire.

Wherever *Contentions* go merrily on,
“ I cannot (quoth Satan) but help in the Fun ;”
And ſcarcely on Birmingham e'er took a Scan
Till the Noiſe about *Tonnage* and *Warfage* began.

He view'd the *Canal*, and ſeem'd very well pleas'd
At the Tumult and Broils that about it were rais'd:
But, to ſtir up more Strife, left the Freſh-water Sailors,
A Caper to cut 'mongſt the *Journeymen Taylors*.

Having ſecretly whiſper'd a Word in their Ears,
At the Bait many inſtantly threw down their Shears;
Then taking French Leave, cries “ Away from the Board,
And your *Maſters* will ſoon better Wages afford.”

'Twixt Half-guinea Botchers, and Twelve Shilling men,
Such a Rout ne'er before in the Country was ſeen ;
To the Standard they've rear'd true and heartily ſworn
To carry the Point, or in Shreds to be torn.

To

To keep up the Contest, with Spirit they run
 To *milk the *Dun Cow*, or to *worship the *Sun*;
 And, were they united, might turn out a Power
 Sufficient to fetch my Lord Mayor from the Tower.

Was it not for this Bufile, we could not have seen
 To *Forty per Cent.* what their Profit has been:
 And if that a Truce is not soon brought about,
 Depend on't the Whole of the Roguery will out.

Should a Rupture ensue, as we've Reason to dread,
 With their Bodkins well pointed, what Blood might be
 shed!

Ye *Strangers*, who are not for fighting inclin'd,
 Lie snug till you see a CONVENTION is sign'd.

Conventions with Britons familiar are grown:
 Pray was not one lately patch'd up in the Town?
 In this closely copying the Rules of the State,
 Is to *compromise* Matters at any low Rate.

Ye Lads, who would wish to be out of the Scrape,
 Whether stubborn as *Buckram*, or pliant as *Tape*,
 Of your *Remnants* be cautious, and then never care
 A *Button-hole*, what the World says on th' Affair

* Two Houses of Call.

S O N G XLI.

The C O N V E N T I O N .

WHEN the Tidings were brought that Fort Eg-
mont was gone,

And a Council was met to judge what should be done,
What Method at first could more prudent be ta'en,
Than to fit out a Fleet this grand Place to regain?

Severe was the Prefs 'mongst the Sons of the Ocean,
Of Admirals and Captains, how great the Promotion!
All fully expecting ere Spring to set sail,
The Spaniards to drub till they fairly turn Tail.

To true British Spirit, alas! what a damp,
In a Manner so sudden their Glory to Cramp;
For it seems as tho' Government stops the Intention,
By signing and sealing a plaguy Convention.

That his Catholic Liege
Would our Prince disoblige,
As a Tale must be groundless and silly.
When the Speech from the Throne
All the Blame lays alone
On his Governor Don Bucarelli.

This insolent Don,
Who the Combat begun,
From Buenos Ayres set out,

With

With five hundred strong,
To enforce Right or Wrong,
And the English were put to the Rout,

As Spain's valiant King
Never heard of the Thing,
Till our Messenger laid down the Fact,
So in four Months we find
The Result of his Mind,
Disavowing the Governor's Act.

Untainted and pure,
The good Peace to secure,
France gives him the kind Admonition,
And Spain must be right
In deferring the Fight,
When his Brother is out of Condition.

This famous Transaction already makes known,
How *passant* the Lion of England is grown,
For the Contract appears like the Peace of Versailles,
And England is weighed in a French Pair of Scales.

Now of War no more be humming,
Cease your Fifeing and your Drumming,
Stop all Clamour and Contention,
Listen to this fam'd Convention.

Spain

86 The P O L I T I C A L

Spain a Respite means to give us,
Think not that she'll e'er deceive us,
Sure we are to find her steady,
Till the King of *France* is ready.

Mafferano and *Francisco*,*
When they meet will Dance *al fresco*,
Whilst poor England (well may't gripe her,)
Is oblig'd to pay the Piper.

When the State, from mere Pretences,
Put the Land to vast Expences,
Then the Humbug Farce concludes, Sir,
England pays, tho' Spain intrudes, Sir.

S O N G XLII.

COVENT-GARDEN MURMURS.

To the Tune of, *Ye Belles and ye Flirts*, &c.

IN British Dominions, did ever Mankind
Such hard Times experience before?
What Shame, that the Government strive not to find
Relief for th' industrious Poor!
Heretofore on Ox Beef English Subjects could dine,
And to get it no Hardship was found;

* *Francesco Buccarelli*, Governor of *Buenos Ayres*.

But

But now there's no tasting a plump-fed *Sirloin*,
Without paying Five-pence per Pound.

If we gaze on the Vipers furrounding the Throne,
Observe at this Time what a String;
To shew their mock Joy on the Birth of a Son,
And fulsome Addresses to bring;
The Country compell'd all Expences to pay,
But little Rejoicings can make;
Whilst they who are making the Kingdom their Prey,
Are feasting on *Caudle* and *Cake*.

The blackcoated Brentford *Defenter* may prate,
Till his Arms with Lawn Sleevs are adorn'd,
What Priest can be better cut out for the State,
When 'tis all the high Mode to be *horn'd*?
Nay, Wh—r—m so common is grown at the C——t,
That Complaints from the Bagnios are made,
Of Ladies of Fashion engrossing the Sport,
And robbing poor Girls of their Trade.

S O N G XLIII.

CLEAR THE HOUSE, *Or the Ranting Lords.*

Y^E Coffee-house Cits,
Politicians and Wits,
To this Tumult pray what can you say,

When

88 *T H E P O L I T I C A L*

When the Lords of the State,
In a wrangling Debate,
Were roaring and ranting away?

What our *Navy* could do
Was the *Question* in View ;
If for War the proud Spaniard push'd on :
Brave *Manchester* rose,
Who the Thing did propose,
And close to the Point would have gone.

But to argue the Case,
And the plain Truth to trace,
To Impeachment would doubtless let loose ;
So turn-about G—w—r,
The Tool of State Power,
On a sudden cries out, *Clear the House*.

When D—n—h roars out,
To spread Laughter about,
Who so much doth his Country disgrace ;
Seems angry and hot,
Yet knows not for what,
And his Rivals oft pity his Case.

Had this blustering Peer
Kept within his own Sphere,
Nor with State Affairs troubled his Mind,

The

The bluff courtly Bully
In Warwickshire truly
'Mongst Beagles and Bloods might have shin'd.

In the *Star-chamber Court*,
With our Freedom to sport,
Sits a *Jeff'ries* in Will and in Power,
Indictments to draw
And to construe the Law
As will best his own Purpose insure.

On the *Crown* what a Stain
In a British King's Reign,
If the Truth we may dare to impart;
That a *Northern* bred MURRAY
Should *Englishmen* worry,
The rankest of Rebels at Heart.

When call'd to support
Any Measures of Court,
Who so willing as Pomf—t to come?
'Tis known that his Head
Has run much about Lead,
But it proves nothing more than the Scum.

At a late Resignation
To fill up the Station,
When *Sand*—*h* was call'd to the Board,

90 The P O L I T I C A L

Old Belzebub fmil'd
To see his own Child
On a Sudden so highly prefer'd.

Were some Worthies away,
Would not some People pray
For a second *Guy Faux's* fly Peep;
Or in *clearing* the Room,
For an *Oliver's Broom*,
Such as once made a general Sweep.

S O N , G XLIV.

The R E T U R N .

Tune, *On the white Cliffs of Albion.*

ON Dover's high Cliffs, in a deep plaintive Tone,
The Goddess Britannia was making her Moan;
Her Cheeks dew'd with Tears, her Heart almost broke,
And thus in disconsolate Sadness she spoke.

How happy was I when the Spring had made known,
My greatest of Foes from the Kingdom was gone;
To Neptune I pray'd, was so pleas'd with the Sight,
That she never again might this Way bend her Flight.

Æolus ne'er blew so unprosperous a Gale,
As when for this once happy Isle she set Sail;
The Gallic Cock crew as from Calais she fled,
Well knowing that England her Coming must dread.

At

S O N G S T E R

91

At hearing a Voice cry, "Must Britons be Slaves?"
The Tritons arose and in Wrath beat the Waves!
The Sun hid his Face in a deep Oozy Bed,
And a Mantle of Sable o'er Albion was spread.

Now a Vessel we find under Government's Wing,
Escapes Quarentine, and is suffer'd to bring
A Plague which among us too long has been known,
Has tainted the Land and infected the T——c.

Thus we find that a proud G— n D—e can do more,
Than Rome's boasted Julia, or fam'd Pompadour;
To the Scorn of the World, like a Child in a St——g,
Can lead where she pleases our British born ——.

S O N G XLV.

P U N C H's O P E R A.

WHILST your Hearts with Ardour glow,
Hasten to the gaudy Show,
See the valiant Knights advancing;
Through the Land the Tale is blaz'd,
And P—— they say, was highly pleas'd,
When with his Puppets dancing.

The Maid of Bath, or Mayor of Garratt,
May serve the common Clafs to stare at;
But had you at the Op'ra been, Sir,

N 2

There's

92 *T H E P O L I T I C A L*

There's not a Doubt, but at first View,
You'd swore that nothing could out-do
 The Puppet-Show at Windsor.

Girdle, Surcoat, Cap and Feather,
Poor Knights, two and two together,
 Gently leading up the Van :
Sons of Dukes the Wire playing,
True Majestic Grace displaying,
 When the brilliant Show began.

What Reformation must appear,
Those to view of highest Sphere,
 Lately famous for Gallanting :
Singing—*Let your Light so shine ;*
For what Music more divine
 Could the pious Knights be chanting ?

Mark, what Form the Figures stand in !
Eye their Drefs, and view their Bending ;
 Awful *Black-rod* station'd near :
GARTER, *Largefs*, thrice calls out,
Nine blue Ribbons fly about,
 What a glorious Sight is here !

To amuse an injur'd Land
Some Parading must be plann'd,
 By the Grandees of the Nation ;

In

In these *merry, dancing* Days,
Punch's Opera can't but please,
For 'tis *courtly Recreation*.

BRITANNIA'S COMPLAINT,

AN ELEGY.

WHAT Grief must the Kingdom sustain!
For who but the Cause must deplore,
To *Britannia* what Anguish and Pain,
When told that her *Granby's* no more?
Ye Vet'rans who fought by his Side,
And chearfully honour'd his Call,
Affliction you cannot avoid,
It now on your Bosoms must fall.

When the late worthy Lord of the Plain
Appointed him Chief in Command,
No Words can too richly contain,
The Pleasure it gave to the Land:
In every Village around,
The Lads did such Fondness display,
All the Song at the Trumpet's shrill Sound
Was, To *Granby* let's hasten away.

To what Climate foe'er he was bound,
He dreaded no Danger or Toil;
Tho' oft was with Victory crown'd,
He never grew rich by the Spoil. Than

94 The P O L I T I C A L

Than see his dear Country oppress'd,
Of all that he had would he part;
'Twas his Pride to relieve the distress'd,
Such Benevolence flow'd from his Heart.

Since *Cumberland* sheath'd up the Sword,
No other their Hearts so betook;
Whenever he mention'd the Word,
This, this was the Language they spoke:
" From *Granby* we ne'er will retreat,
" Our Guardian, Commander and Pride;
" Let the Danger be ever so great,
" We'll conquer, or die by his Side."

There's not left his Equal behind,
So priz'd, and so dearly care's'd;
True Courage was stamp'd on his Mind,
And Humanity dwelt in his Breast.
Of War, ye that form'd a Design,
Your hostile Intentions refrain;
For the Army have Reason to pine,
" That they ne'er shall his like see again."

When my greatest of Foes took her Flight,
How kindly I welcom'd the Morn;
Was exceedingly pleas'd with the Sight,
And I wish'd she might never return:
But, alas! what a Damp to my Joy,
Has cruel Fate suddenly thrown;

Full

Full of nothing but Sadness am I,
 Since for ever my *Granby* is gone!

Since the late belov'd Sovereign's Reign,
 Whose Mem'ry is truly rever'd;
 Fond Joy has forsaken the Plain,
 And nothing but Murmurs are heard:
 Of Tyranny being display'd,
 No Village but loudly complains;
 No Regard to their Cries have been paid,
 And a general Disquietude reigns.

When my Barks fully laden appear,
 O think how it tortures my Heart,
 To find what are ready to steer,
 From their Moorings forbid to depart! *
 When Commerce is check'd in her Course,
 My Vitals feel deeply the Wound!
 But he who can cure is perverse,
 And no Hopes of Relief can be found!

An HUDIBRASTIC EPISTLE.

Addressed to ANONYMOUS, OBJECTOR, &c.

TO find the Way to Heaven's Gate,
 Tho' some affirm the Road is strait,
 Lift to the Sequel, and you'll see
 How Men about it disagree.

* On Account of the *American Duties*.

'Twas

96 The P O L I T I C A L

'Twas in the Circle of a Plain
 That many Hundreds might contain,
 Of Mortals, in a darken'd Sphere,
 Traversing on 'twixt Hope and Fear,
 All for one spacious Harbour steering,
 But differ in the Point of Bearing,
 His own Opinion each conveying,
 Not two in Sentiment agreeing.
CATHOLICUS, a Zealot bred,
 Presum'd o'er all to take the Lead,
 Haranguing to a strange Degree
 About Infalibility;
 Declaring in a deep Discourse,
 His Modes the stronger to enforce,
 That they who disbeliev'd his Story
 Would ne'er get clear of Purgatory.
 Close to his Heels *EPISCO* trod,
 And tho' he would not eat his God,
 To Notions as absurd adher'd,
 And many sturdy Followers rear'd:
 That one was three, and three were one,
 Implicitly was swallow'd down;
 And often scourg'd by Canon Laws,
 Those that run counter to his Cause.
PRESBYTER, who would ne'er put on
 The Cassock, Surplice, or the Gown,
 Who could not (as the Elders plead)
 Digest the Athanasian Creed,
 Or 'mongst the common Forms agree
 To bow the Head, or bend the Knee;
 On all these Matters kept a stout Look,
 And taught his Class to pray without Book.
BAPTUS, tho' bred to common Labour,
 Could cobble, preach, or use a Sabre,
 And like the Tars that scour the Channel,
 Would take the water like a Spanniel;

And

And never deem'd the Task a Burden,
 To swim across the River Jordan:
 Both Male and Female, in the Lake,
 He taught to play at Duck and Drake;
 And always, by his saving Grace,
 Found out a proper landing Place.
METHODIUS, varied in his Work,
 From either Luth'ran, Jew, or Turk,
 And in the Vineyard labour'd more
 Than any one had done before;
 At five i'th Morn, and six at Night,
 To Prayer did his Flock invite;
 And ev'ry Day throughout the Year,
 Upon the Rostrum would appear,
 Announcing bitter Condemnation
 On those who scoff'd at his Persuasion,
SOCINUS built upon the Plan
 That Jesus was no more than Man.
DEISTICUS went farther on,
 Establish'd Modes he seem'd to shun;
 On moral Reas'ning plac'd his Basis,
 And oft in controverted Cases,
 For testimonial Proofs would look
 In Woolston, Chubb, or Bolingbroke:
 One God ador'd, and always join'd
 In social Duties to Mankind;
 And Actions deem'd the surest Means
 For Favour in celestial Scenes.
SANDEMON, different from the rest,
 In Garb of Scarlet often dress'd,
 To preach, as well as feast and revel,
 Held all Mankind upon a Level;
 And would, if Laws did not controul,
 Rob Peter to compound with Paul;
 A Model of a fresh Invention,
 To fit the vulgar Comprehension.

O

Now

98 The P O L I T I C A L

Now in a Scene of wild Confusion,
 As tho' misled thro' blind Delusion,
 Each strives to make his Doctrine plain,
 The safest Road to ascertain:
 One by Election gains Salvation,
 And glories in Predestination;
 Another vows he is not sure
 But Adam's Sins lie at his Door;
 That Faith and preserving Grace
 Must gain in Heav'n a Dwelling-place.
Anonimous may still proceed
 In vindicating Voltair's Creed;
 One Week we ponder o'er his Lecture,
 The next are pausing at th' *Objector*;
 And so the Farce is carried on,
 And Gospel Tenets *pro* and *con*,
 Are in a Country Journal stated,
 And by the Lord knows who debated,
 Held out to public Exhibition,
 By Quibble, Quirk, and Supposition;
 And Weavers, Smiths, and Button-turners
 Set up for spiritual Discerners.
 'Tis thus the common Modes that flow
 Are cuff'd and cudgell'd to and fro,
 And poor Religion, by each Smack,
 Is pelted like a common Hack,
 Bandied about by Sandemonian,
 Moravian, Monk, or Muckletonian;
 And whilst with keenest Zeal they fight,
 And each declares his Doctrine right,
 Resolv'd to bear down all before 'em,
 Like those pure Christians at New Shoreham,
 Who never bow or bend the Knee,
 But when before *Sir Doublesee*.
 Observe how snug amidst this Noise,
 Reviewing all, *Friend Nathan* lies.

Just

Just like the Dutch, when France and Spain
 With other Powers at War are seen,
 Thinks, both for Present and for Future,
 'Twill be the safest to stand neuter;
 And whilst the rest each other blame,
 He milks the Cow and skims the Cream.
 Judge as you please about the Picture,
 Whether 'tis Real or Conjecture,
 I am your humble CIRCUMSPECTOR.

The RED-LION SOCIETY.

FROM Care and Toil to sooth the Mind,
 And merry Chat withal to find :
 The Tradesmen weekly here repair
 To talk of this or that Affair,
 No Matter, what of Church or State,
 Or any Thing that may relate,
 To foreign or domestic News,
 How Times, how Trade, or Commerce goes ;
 And whilst Elections are depending,
 Where's like to be a great Contending ;
 Where all is Calm, or where a Bluster,
 Or who has won the Day at Wor'ster ?
 Sometimes a Tale, sometimes a Song
 To pass the jocond Night along,
 Open and free in Conversation,
 Each of a different Occupation :
 The Butcher, Chandler, and the Baker ;
 The Smith, the Taylor, and the Draper :
 The Tinman, Tonfor, and Whittawer ;
 The Plater, Founder, and Wiredrawer :
 Brush-maker, Saddler, Farrier ;
 The Joiner, and Upholsterer :

100 The P O L I T I C A L

For Breeches too, an Undertaker,
A Stamper, and a Mousetrap-maker.
Here Dealers may be sure to find,
Mechanics of their various Kind:
Locks, Hinges, Gimblets, Pattenrings,
Steel Toys, Smoke-jacks, and such-like Things:
And he that wants a Warming-pan,
Is certain here to find the Man:
Or those whose Business leads to buy,
A Basket, Last, or Patten-tye;
Draw-boxes, Sheers, or Fowling-piece
In Fen Lands to kill Ducks or Geese;
For Candlesticks, and Bellows good,
Within the Book their Names are view'd,
Who deals in Files, or Buttons bright
Of Metal hard, or neat Soft-white;
Planes, Buckles, Snuffers, Necklaces,
Or any such like Ware as these.
And those of Philosophic Function,
To see the Planets in Conjunction,
May Optics have to magnify,
And distant Objects to descry.
A Cooper too we have for fear
Left Barrels leak and want Repair.
These are the Callings here set down,
Who all reside within the Town,
By free Consent agree to spend,
A joyous Two-pence with a Friend;
This is our Charter, this we hold
In good Decorum, free and bold:
Always in Mirth (ye Sons of Care)
When to the Lion we repair.

WILKES's

WILKES'S ENLARGEMENT,

AN

O D E.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS in the blessed Reign of G—RGE the Third,
When Sycophants were at the Helm preferr'd,
And good NEWC—E, at Ambition's Stride,
Wept for the Land, and broken-hearted dy'd;
When from the courtly Catalogue were ras'd,
The Names of those who for their Deeds were prais'd,
Whose valiant FATHERS nobly bled, to place
ENGLAND's bright Crown upon the BRUNSWICK Race,
'Twas then that FREEDOM's CHAMPION boldly dar'd
To speak——what others wish'd to have declar'd.

A I R.

*England cannot but revere him
For his PATRIOTIC Stand,
Lordly Tyrants still shall fear him,
And his faithful numerous Band.
Since Integrity has mark'd him,
Stedfast to the People's Rights,
In the Cause he has embark'd in,
Every honest Heart unites.*

In

102 *T H E P O L I T I C A L*

In deep Distress, BRITANNIA long has moan'd,
 Her ancient Courage dwindled into nought,
 Under Oppression have her Natives groan'd,
 And for Redress in vain, alas! have fought:
 Unhappy Diff'rences abroad arise,
 Whilst home-bred Discords every Day increase,
 And they — on whom our chiefest TRADE relies—
 Forbid our Merchandise to cross the Seas.
 HIBERNIA's Sons, to bitter Wrath provok'd,
 Spurn at the Load of PENSIONS which they bear,
 And boldly cry——no longer they'll be yok'd,
 To prop the Pride of each disgusted Peer.

Designing FRANCE, with watchful Eyes,
 Observes the Weakness of OUR STATE:
 The jarring Discords that arise
 Their hidden HOSTILE Views create;
 Nor better pleas'd than when intestine Broils
 Inflammè this ONCE stil'd happiest of Isles—
 In close compact
 With SPAIN—to act;
 Behold their growing Armaments!
 In solemn Leagues,
 And dark Intrigues,
 Planning for — desperate Events.

A I R.

*The COCK may well crow,
 And be forming a Blow,*

When

*When he sees England's LION asleep ;
The MULE may advance,
And have Reason to prance,
When BRITANNIA does nothing but weep.*

*The EAGLE may watch,
And be on the Catch,
When his Neighbours are plung'd into War ;
Too subtle to find
Which Way he's inclin'd,
And who his Proceedings can bar.*

*Howe'er Things appear,
What have Statesmen to fear
Whose Pride's o'er the Beacon to jerk it ?
What care W—t or G—r,
About foreign Power,
So they win but the Odds at Newmarket.*

*Spite of every bold Epistle,
Big with each atrocious Wrong,
Till old Time shall crop the Thistle,
England must with Grief be stung.*

*Had the Caledonian Bridle
Ne'er been introduc'd above,
He who was the People's Idol,
Might have still retain'd their Love.*

King

104 The P O L I T I C A L

King and Subject small Connexion
Cannot but expect to find,
Till the *Freedom of Election*
Is to Truth and Right confign'd.

BRITONS never want Allegiance,
When protected by their Prince;
Nor are prone to Disobedience,
But when shameful Wrongs commence.

By the glorious REVOLUTION
Was our FREEDOM *fairly gain'd:*
On that Plan the CONSTITUTION
Shall for ever be maintain'd.

INLAND

The GAMESTER'S SOLILOQUY.

TWAS Break of Day, retiring from the Game,
 Swoln Anger seiz'd me, and Reflection came;
 Swell'd big in Wrath, but Pocket lack of Pelf,
 I walk'd along, thus mutt'ring to myself:
 Oh! damn'd ill Fortune, curfed cruel Fate,
 Am I the Object of thy bitter Hate?
 At fuch Rebuffs, can Man forbear to droop,
 To be for ever Folly's scornful Dupe?
 Now by the twinkling Stars that yet appear,
 Unhid from Sight in yonder Western Sphere;
 In plighted Vows I swear from hence to fhun
 The horrid Tortures of a wicked Run
 Of fordid Luck, for many Deals 'twas mine,
 No Card to hold to cap a fingle Nine;
 Whilst Right and Left each Fift the Table thumps,
 And forely wound me with their killing Trumps.
 Rob'd of my Reft, difquieted in Mind;
 What elfe but Sadnefs in this Plight can find?
 Fall on my Pillow, in my Dreams conceive
 A Change of Fortune, and my Lofs retrieve.
 But when the waking Hour unfolds the Cheat,
 Am doubly thwarted at the mock Deceit;
 In penfive Thought, determin'd to forfake
 This courfe of Life, then this Proteft I make:

106 The *P O L I T I C A L*, &c.

Deem me, ye Gods, a Slave to distant Lands,
When I again with Cards defile my Hands ;
Or e'er on pictur'd Kings my Eyes shall glance,
If thus tormented by the Stings of Chance.

BIRMINGHAM NAVIGATION.

A N

O D E.

FOR ancient Deeds let History unfold
The Page where Wonders are enroll'd,
And tell how JASON, from the *Colchin* Shore,
The golden Fleece in Triumph bore.
A nobler Theme the Muse inspires,
And every skilful Artist fires
With heart-felt Joy a Work to see
Cut out for grand Utility;
A Project form'd, by which, 'tis plain,
That Thousands must Advantage gain:
And sure that Plan must be of noble Use,
That tends in Price, Provisions to reduce.
Blest Navigation! Source of that Increase
Which Commerce finds, and brightens all its Ways.

A I R.

*Sons of HERMES, haste to Pleasure,
For the Joy belongs to you;
May you live to reap the Treasure
That must happily ensue.
Treasure, from Staffordian Plains,
Richer than Peruvian Mines,*

P 2

And

108 The P O L I T I C A L

*And by what the Artist gains
All his principal Designs.*

C H O R U S.

Not a Son of limping VULCAN

But must truly joyous be;

ENVY from the Banquet sculking,

'Tis the Artist's Jubilee.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Could our Forefathers from the Shades but trace

The noble Plan

Their Sons began,

To what Amazement would the Work appear!

A Train of Vessels floating by the Place

Where sprightly Steeds, at Trumpet Sound,

In Contest wing'd along the Ground,

And Thousands to the Pleasures would repair.

A I R.

But, what were those Days,

Compared to these?

Each Day at the Heath is a Fair;

To see Bridges and Locks,

And Boats on the Stocks,

Are Numbers continually there.

But

*But for this good Care and Trouble,
That has nobly been display'd,
For our Coals, this instant, double
What we give, we must have paid.*

Blest Genius of this fruitful Land,
Whose deep sagacious Mind,
To benefit Mankind,
The glorious Undertaking plann'd;
Whose living Fame the Wonders tell,
Of thy far more than common Skill,
Whose matchless Art all Doubts dispel,
And Kingdoms with Amazement fill.
When that fam'd Peer,* to patronise his Art,
Had set the laudable Design on Foot,
Which brought his Measures into grand Repute,
Astonish'd Mortals, from each distant Part,
The Model view'd,
And wond'ring stood;
But how much more when brought to bear,
And Vessels under Vessels steer!
The neighbouring Counties saw the good Effect,
And now behold the vast Increase
Of Cuts, fair Commerce to protect,
Which fills the bright Mechanic with Delight;
Nor will the Undertakings cease,
'Till *Trent* and *Severn* with the *Thames* unite.

* The Duke of BRIDGWATER.

A I R.

A I R.

*What Mortals so happy as Birmingham Boys?
 What People so flush'd with the sweetest of Joys?
 All Hearts fraught with Mirth at the Wharf shall appear,
 Their Aspects proclaim it the Jubilee Year,
 And be full as gay in their frolicksome Pranks,
 As they who were dancing on Avon's green Banks.*

*There never in War was for Victory won,
 A Cause that deserv'd such Respect from the Town;
 Then revel in Gladness, let Harmony flow,
 From the District of Bordsley to Paradise Row;
 For true-feeling Joy on each Breast must be wrought,
 When Coals under Five-pence per Hundred are bought.*

*Rejoice then, ye Artists, drive Sorrow away,
 And over your Cups social Gladness display;
 The Wealthy will chearfully cherish the Cause,
 The Poor give their honest and hearty Applause;
 Nor dread from the Winter's Approach any Harm,
 When blest with good Fires, their Bodies to warm.*

*But let not the Joys be confin'd to the Town,
 All over the Country shall Gladness be shewn;
 The Tradesman, Mechanic, and Cottager too,
 Shall all share the Bounty that soon must ensue,
 And when o'er the Houses SOLELY scarcely can peep,
 Be better prepar'd a good Christmas to keep.*

The

S O N G S T E R. III

*The Heavens are kind, and have Plenty bestow'd,
 Rich Crops have been gather'd, and Trade has been good;
 And since Food and Fuel diminish in Price,
 Have not we much Reason to sing and rejoice?
 From Winter's Approach then what Harm can we fear,
 When bounteously furnish'd with comforting Cheer?*

*Birmingham, for Arts renown'd,
 O'er the Globe shall foremost stand;
 Nor its vast Increase be found
 To be equall'd in the Land.
 If the Will of Fancy ranges
 From the *Tagus* to the *Ganges*,
 Or from *Lapland* Cliffs extend
 To the *Patagonian* Strand,
 For Mechanic Skill and Pow'r,
 In what Kingdom, on what Shore,
 Lies the Place that can supply
 The World with such Variety?*

*What Relief in the Fare
 Of all heavy Ware,
 When the whole Undertaking is finish'd!
 In Affairs, what a Turn,
 When Cattle and Corn
 In their Rates shall be greatly diminish'd!*

112 The P O L I T I C A L, &c.

*In War or in Peace,
All Commerce would cease,
Was it not for a free Navigation :
'Tis of Riches the Source,
When such Plans we enforce,
And of Freedom, our dear Preservation.*

*Arts, Genius, and Science,
On thee have Reliance,
And Reverence thy Conquering Pow'r,
Whose Castles of Wood
Floating Bulwarks have stood,
To the Terror of Gallia's proud Shore.*

Still may our Vessels, o'er the briny Deep,
To sundry Ports their various Courses keep :
May Navigation, Liberty's dear Friend,
Her wonted Fame to greater Lengths extend ;
Open her Sluices and through Mountains force,
To distant Lands an easy Intercourse :
And *Birmingham*, for every curious Art
Her Sons invent, be *Europe's* greatest Mart ;
In States and Kingdoms ever stand enroll'd,
The grand Mechanic Warehouse of the World !

F I N I S.

BELZEBUB's TOUR to LEICESTER.

AS Satan who always his Agents employs,
When in choosing of Members Disturbances rise,
Was patrolling the Kingdom to see how Things stood,
His *Reverence* as usual made Leic'ster his Road.

Of the sweet Four-and-twenty, the much greater Part,
Assembled their Service with Zeal to impart;
Rejoicing to find their old Master was come,
In whose Cause they'd heartily beat up the Drum.

With Bows and Congees a few Minutes were spent,
Before to the grand Point of Business they went;
Then through much Persuasion the D——l took the
Chair
Tho' he swore 'twould be full as well fill'd by the M——r.

Quoth Satan, Your Worships have ever been kind,
And to shew that my Int'rest with your's is combin'd;
Your Candidates name, and my utmost Endeavours,
I'll use to procure you the greatest of Favours.

In no Place beside to secure my own Ends,
Did I ever obtain such respectable Friends;
My dear Brother *Sable-skin*, give me your Hand,
You and — — against any two in the Land.

Truth

Truth and Day-light says — — we always oppose,
 And contrive in the Dark, to come over our Foes;
 Right, right, cries ths Devil—your Rivals to fetter,
 Intrigues must be us'd, and the *Darker* the better.

I hope, my dear Agents, you always take Care,
 On Occasions like these, to make Choice of a Mayor,
 Let the Charter be d—m'd! if it's not to your Plan,
 Leap o'er Heads and Shoulders to bring in your Man.

Should your honest Intentions to serve me be cross'd,
 Your Tempers be ruffled—the Contest be lost;
 I've form'd a fresh Scheme for your kind Approbation,
 My Purpose to ~~suit~~ suit on each future Occasion.

Five hundred new Burgesses make to a Man,
 My Deputy D— — approves of the Plan;
 He's a Jewel of mine, has the Cause much at Heart,
 Tho' in Lilliput oft acts a laughable Part.

In Darknests they met, and ere Day-light appear'd,
 The Council broke up, and each Imp homeward steer'd;
 Determin'd the precious Advice to obey,
 So shook Hands at Parting, and shouted, No GREY.

But here lay the Point that eclips'd all their Fa me,
 The GREYS prov'd the true-bottom'd Cocks of the Game;
 Of servile Ambition they struck at the root!
 And crown'd the Design when they brought in a COOTE.



100





